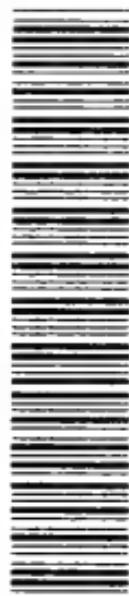


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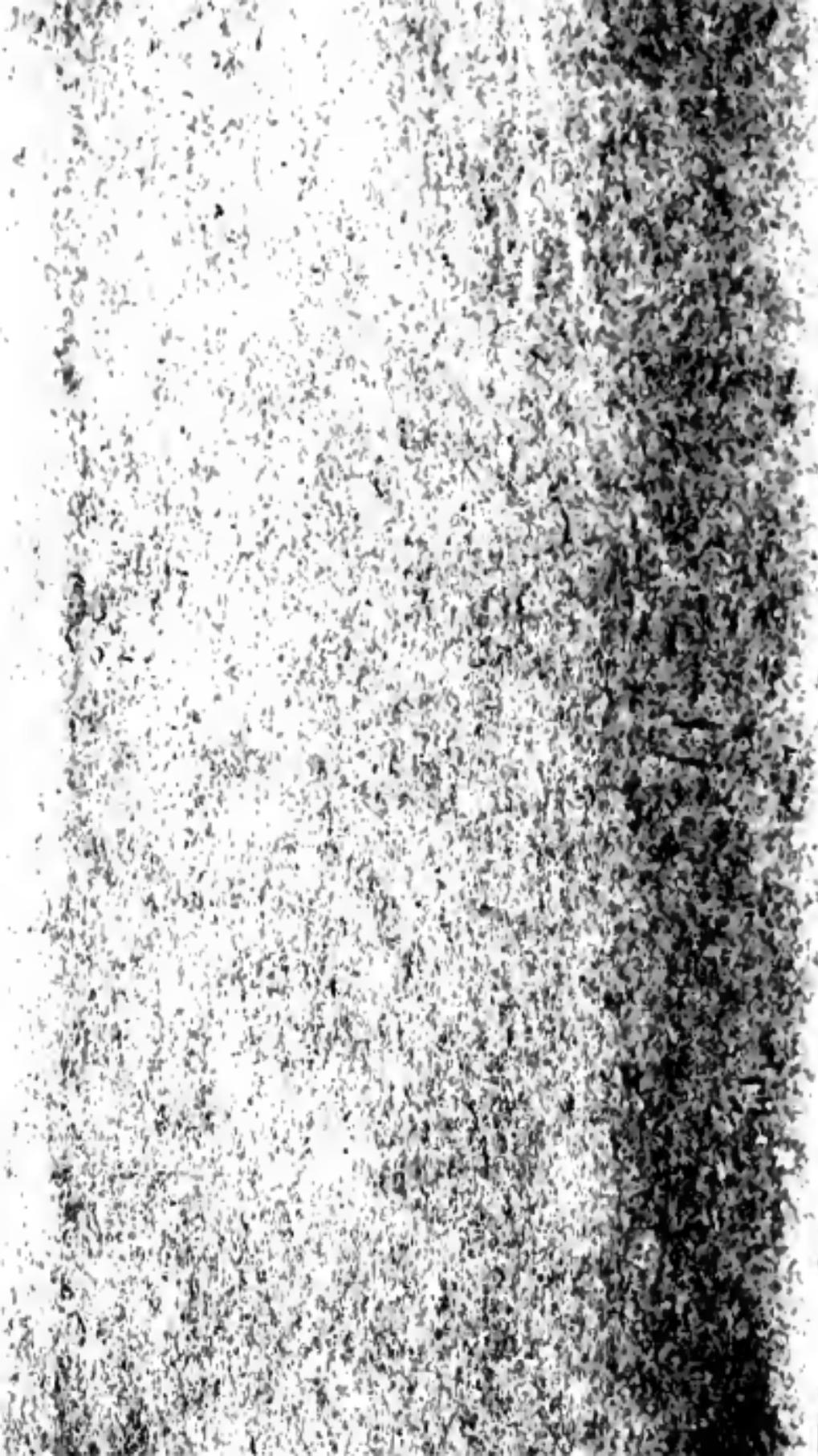


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THE  
B O U Q U E T,  
OR  
S P I R I T  
OF  
E N G L I S H   P O E T R Y.

---

T H I R D   E D I T I O N.

---

Philadelphia:  
HENRY F. ANNERS.



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## PREFATORY SONNET.

ONCE more, my youthful friends, as  
wont, we meet  
Around the Christmas hearth. The  
nut-brown ale  
Flows gratefully, I wot, with song  
and tale,  
Alternate blithe and sad, in mixture  
sweet.  
Once more I leave my silent calm re-  
treat  
Your social circles courteously to  
hail ;  
Bringing some gifted friends, who  
seldom fail  
To grace our party : Pray give each a  
seat.  
We come, each in his turn, to say our  
say,  
In verse or prose, intent all hearts  
to gain ;  
Blending the arch and simple, grave  
and gay,  
But leaning aye unto the moral  
strain ;

Hopeful, when idle hours have passed  
away,  
That fruit to feed reflection may re-  
main.

THE EDITOR.

THE  
BOUQUET.

---

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY ISABEL HILL.

HERE she comes, the Treasure !  
Bringing home her flowers ;  
When did mother's pleasure  
E'er deck girl like ours ?  
Lest the sun should stain her,  
Lest the breeze should pain her,  
What fond fears are shown !  
Of her beauty vainer  
Than ever of thine own.

Why that glance so tearful ?  
Health is on her cheek,  
Modest, mental, cheerful,  
Winning, kind, and meek ;

12        THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

With youth's conscious graces  
Stealing to their places,  
*Where* she hath not guessed :  
Though they stretch the laces  
Of her bodiced breast.

While all childhood lingers  
On the brow above,  
Yet those airy fingers  
Tempt the lip of love ;  
Though not yet retiring  
From his kiss aspiring,  
'Tis forgot ere past ;  
Ours alone desiring :  
Would that this could last !

But those steps so steady,  
And those guarded eyes,  
Mark the teens already,  
They excuse our sighs ;  
Sure she'll ne'er deceive us,  
Yet may nature grieve us,  
Seeing her so fair,  
Knowing she must leave us,  
After all our care !

Kindred ties that bosom  
Fill with peace to-day ;

We have reared the blossom—  
Who will bear away ?  
Envy well may move us,  
Strangers prized above us,  
May Heaven bless her vow !  
But—she cannot love us  
Then, alas ! as now.

Other wills obeying,  
Be they but as kind !  
Ne'er her trust betraying,  
We must grow resigned ;  
In her honours priding,  
Selfish sorrows hiding—  
Hush ! she's here, she's here !  
Sure that kiss seemed chiding—  
Now, what dared we fear ?

## NEW SCENE IN WILLIAM TELL.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Inscribed with gratitude to Miss Ellen Tree, as the spirited "Emma" in "William Tell," and the pathetic "Julia" in the "Hunchback."

### ACT V.—SCENE I.

**TELL'S COTTAGE.**—*Melchtal asleep up on a couch, at the head of which Emma is watching.*

*Emma. (Rising and coming forward.)—I never knew a weary night before!*

I have seen the sun a dozen times go down,

And still no William:—and the storm was on,

Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,

The mountain with the lightning all ablaze,

And shaking with the thunder. But to-night

Mine eyes refuse to close ! The old  
man rests :

Pain hath outworn itself, and turned  
to ease.

How deadly calm 's the night !—What's  
that ?—I'm grown

An idiot with my fears. I do not know  
The avalanche ! Great power that  
hurls it down,

Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little  
steps !

What keeps him ? 'tis but four hours'  
journey hence :

He'd rest : then four hours back again.  
What keeps him ?

Erni would sure be found by him—he  
knows

The track, well as he knows the road  
to Altorf.

*Melch.* Help ! (*In his sleep.*)

*Emma.* What's the matter ? Only  
the old man dreaming .

He thinks again they're pulling out his  
eyes.

I'm sick with terror ! Merciful powers,  
what's this

That fills my heart with horrible alarm,  
And yet it cannot see ?

*Melch.* (*Waking.*) Where am I ?

*Emma.* Father!

*Melch.* My daughter, is it thou? thank heaven I'm here.

Is it day yet?

*Emma.* No.

*Melch.* Is't far on the night?

*Emma.* Methinks about the turn on't.

*Melch.* Is the boy come back?

*Emma.* No, father.

*Melch.* Nor thy husband?

*Emma.* No.

*Melch.* A woful wife and mother have I made thee!

Would thou hadst never seen me.

*Emma.* Father!

*Melch.* Child!

*Emma.* Methinks I hear a step!—I do!—(*Knocking*)—A knock!

*Melch.* 'Tis William.

*Emma.* No, it is not William's knock.  
*(Opens the door.)*

I told you so!—Your will.

*Enter Stranger.*

*Stran.* Seeing a light,  
I e'en made bold to knock to ask for shelter,.

For I have missed my way.

*Emma.* Whence come you, friend?

*Stran.* From Altorf.

*Emma.* Altorf! Any news from thence?

*Stran.* Ay! news to harrow parents' hearts, and make

The barren bless themselves that they are childless.

*Emma.* May heaven preserve my boy!

*Melch.* What says the news?

*Stran.* Art thou not Melchta—he whose eyes 'tis said

The tyrant has torn out?

*Melch.* Yes, friend, the same.

*Stran.* Is this thy cottage?

*Melch.* No; 'tis William Tell's.

*Stran.* 'Tis William Tell's?—and that's his wife?—Good night.

*Emma.* (*Rushing between him and the door.*) Thou stirr'st not hence until thy news be told.

*Stran.* My news? In sooth 'tis nothing thou wouldest heed.

*Emma.* 'Tis something none should heed so well as I!

*Stran.* I must be gone.

*Emma.* Thou seest a tigress, friend, Spoiled of her mate and young, and yearning for them.

Don't thwart her! Come, thy news.  
What fear'st thou, man?  
What more has she to dread who reads  
thy looks  
And knows the most has come? Thy  
news—Is't bondage?

*Stran.* It is.

*Emma.* Thank heaven it is not  
death!—Of one, or two?

*Stran.* Of two.

*Emma.* A father and a son,  
Is't not?

*Stran.* It is.

*Emma.* My husband and my son  
Are in the tyrant's power! There's  
worse than that—

What's that is news to harrow parents'  
breasts,

The which, the thought to only tell,  
'twould seem,

Drives back the blood to thine? Thy  
news, I say!

Wouldst thou be merciful—this is not  
mercy.

Wast thou the mark, friend, of the bow-  
man's aim,

Wouldst thou not have the fatal arrow  
speed,

Rather than watch it hanging in the string ?

Thou'l drive me mad ! Let fly at once.

*Melch.* Thy news from Altorf, friend, whate'er it is !

*Stran.* To save himself and child from certain death,

**TELL** is to hit an apple, to be placed Upon the stripling's head.

*Melch.* My child ! my child !—

Speak to me, stranger, hast thou killed her ?

*Emma.* No !

No, father, I'm the wife of William Tell ;

Oh, but to be a man ! to have an arm To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong—

Unnatural—insufferable wrong !

When makes the tyrant trial of his skill ?

*Stran.* To-morrow.

*Emma.* Spirit of the lake and hill, Inspire thy daughter ! On the head of him

Who makes his pastime of a mother's pangs,

Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand.

Know'st the signal when the hills shall  
rise ? (*To Melchtal.*)

*Melch.* Are they to rise ?

*Emma.* I see thou knowest naught.

*Stran.* Something's on foot. 'Twas  
only yesterday,

That, travelling from our canton, I  
espied,

Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer  
Of brawny limb, upon his back a load  
Of faggots bound. Curious to see what  
end

Was worthy of such labour, after him  
I took the cliff, and saw its lofty top  
Receive his load, which went but to  
augment

A pile of many another.

*Emma.* 'Tis by fire !

Fire is the signal for the hills to rise !

(*Rushes out.*)

*Melch.* Went she not forth ?

*Stran.* She did—she 's here again,  
And brings with her a lighted brand.

*Melch.* My child,

What dost thou with a lighted brand ?

(*Re-enter Emma with a brand.*)

*Emma.* Prepare

To give the signal for the hills to rise.

*Melch.* Where are the faggots, child,  
for such a blaze ?

*Emma.* I'll find the faggots, father.  
*(Exit.)*

*Melch.* She gone again ?

*Stran.* She is—I think into her  
chamber.

*Emma.* (*Rushing in.*) Father, the  
pile is fired !

*Melch.* What pile, my child ?

*Emma.* The joists and rafters of our  
cottage, father.

*Melch.* Thou hast not fired thy cot-  
tage—but thou hast !

Alas ! I hear the crackling of the flames.

*Emma.* Say'st thou alas ! when I do  
say, thank heaven ?

Father, this blaze will set the land  
ablaze

With fire that shall preserve, and not  
destroy it.

Blaze on ! blaze on ! Oh, may'st thou  
be a beacon

To light its sons, enslaved, to liberty !  
How fast it spreads ! A spirit's in the  
fire !

It knows the work it does.—(*Goes to  
the door.*)—The land is free !

Yonder's another blaze!—Beyond that  
shoots  
Another up!—Anon will every hill  
Redden with vengeance.—Father,  
come! whate'er  
Betide us, worse, we're certain, can't  
befall,  
And better may! Oh, be it liberty—  
Safe hearths and homes, husbands and  
children.—Come,  
It spreads apace.—Blaze on! blaze on!  
blaze on! *Exeunt.*

## MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Masters of passion sway it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes.—*Shakspear.*

### I.

CARTHAGE ! Where now thy beauty !  
where, alas !  
The pride of pageantry, thy pomp ; and  
where  
Those mighty navies which had aw'd  
the world ?  
Their flaunting sails are now for ever  
furl'd !  
Thy halls are desolate ; the wiry grass  
And weeds—the rankest—choke thy  
pathways :—there  
Sits moody Silence, pointing to the  
skies,  
With palsied tongue, with fix'd and  
rayless eyes,  
Where by the hand of everlasting  
fame  
Is traced, in living light, immortal Sci-  
pio's name.

## II.

**C**arthage ! within thy walls the lizard  
dwell<sup>s</sup>,  
**W**here erst the cricket chirp'd ; and  
the foul cells  
**O**f squalid reptiles are discovered,  
where  
**T**he sleek mouse had her dwelling.  
The meek hare  
**S**its unaffrighted 'mid thy shatter'd  
domes,  
**W**here heroes once had fix'd their  
noblest homes.  
**A**mid thy ruins, vast and desolate,  
No human creature wanders ; or but  
one,  
**A**lone,—a stern and solitary man,  
Stern as the blacken'd rock he sits upon,  
**H**arsher his spirit, and as dark as fate,  
**T**here on the fragment of a massy  
stone  
**T**hat, ere the fiercely-crackling flames  
had riven  
**I**ts giant bulk look'd up, and laugh'd at  
heav'n,  
**P**erch'd like a vulture, ominous and  
grim,  
**T**he very reptiles all avoiding him,

He sits, his moody reverie began,  
Which stirr'd his heart to slaughter.—  
    There alone,  
Houseless he sits, upon that rocky  
    throne,  
His own appropriate emblem ; for the  
    flint  
Could not more sternly brave the thun-  
    der's dint  
Than his hard heart compassion's soft  
    appeal.  
Amid the scene his dizzy senses reel  
With thoughts too dire to utter.

## III.

    There he sits,  
By whom the mighty Cimbri were  
    chastis'd,  
As if his very soul were paralyz'd,  
And yet his fierce eye glares in moody  
    fits  
O'er the surrounding waste, as if he  
    view'd  
His own state pictur'd in its solitude.  
Dark and as still as night he sits alone,  
Like a doom'd spirit, on that riven  
    stone.  
And in his murkiness of mind, broods  
    o'er

Real or imagin'd wrongs, while o'er his  
heart—

Thro' which the black blood bounds,  
with sever'd start—

A thirst of vengeance steals, and at the  
core

Parches and burns it up.—He looks  
towards Rome,

The city of his pride, the warrior's  
home:—

How diff'rent to the ruins round him  
lying!

That city's rival once, which, now no  
more,

Sends forth her barks to earth's remo-  
test shore.

He looks towards Rome—imperial  
Rome—defying

The wide world round her. Rome ! he  
looks towards thee,

While his heart throbs with inward  
agony,

And from his eye revenge's hot streams  
pour.

#### IV.

Soon the bark bears him o'er the waters  
—soon

Joy, in the flood of woe, shall quench  
her beams,

And her faint voice be drown'd in the  
shrill screams  
Of sanguinary slaughter.—Ere the  
moon  
Again shall fill her silver horns with  
light,  
The sun of happiness shall set in night.  
Marius is nigh thee, Rome! a heartless  
son,  
That, like the adder, loves to prey upon  
The bowels of its parent.—Ah! be-  
ware!  
The voice of carnage soon shall rend  
the air—  
Rome hears it now—she hears, with  
mad surprise,  
And glutted with her blood, the ruth-  
less savage dies.

## THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

**LIE** down in that low quiet bed,  
 Thou weary care-worn child of clay,  
 The earth's cold pillow props thy head,  
 Thine eyes have closed on busy day;  
 No sounds thy deafened ear can reach,  
 No dreams thy aching brain perplex,  
 Nor scornful eye, nor taunting speech,  
 Thy meek and wounded spirit vex.

A heavy doom was thine to bear,  
 No peace to hope, no rest to find,  
 With none thy lot to sooth or share,  
 Poor outcast of a world unkind !  
**W**hat hour of thy brief tearful life,  
 From care, from bitterness was free ?  
**A**nd now escaped the unequal strife,  
 Blest sleeper, shall we weep for thee?

Oh ! close the turf above her head,  
 And hide her from the world's cold  
     eyes,  
 They shall not now profane the dead,  
 Nor see how calm and still she lies.  
**C**ome let us steal away, and bid  
 These tears of selfish sorrow cease,  
**A**nd leave her here in darkness hid,  
 To taste her new-found blessing—  
     peace

## OPHELIA.

A DIRGE,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

SOFTLY to the earth restore,  
One whom for an hour she gave ;  
With gentle steps, as though ye bore  
Virtue's self unto the grave ;  
In this darkness, cold and deep,  
Lay her silently to sleep.

Pilgrims to a vacant shrine,  
O'er the desert slow we toil ;  
Busy workers in a mine,  
Reaping but the barren soil.  
Care and grief besiege the breast,  
Motion ever—never rest.

But this fairest girl hath won  
Sleep that breeds no troubled dream,  
And the earth we heap upon  
Her virgin bosom, ne'er shall teem,  
However bright before it fade,  
With sweeter flower than here is laid.

Water blind and brooding ooze,  
Which in silent death, conceive  
Yielded back what now we lose,  
In the dumb still ground to leave.  
Never more while time shall be,  
Earth, must she be raised from thee.

All the pleasure thou canst give,  
All the bliss, thou tak'st away :  
Springs still flowing while we live,  
Lie frozen in that heart to-day.  
Cold and dry may be their bed,  
Yet warm as sunshine to the dead.

For virtue shall the mould perfume  
With odours of her sacrifice,  
And love shall shed his softest bloom  
On the verdure where she lies—  
And peace, the child of hope and  
prayer,  
Shall bend the knee, and worship  
there.

## SHE RECKS NOT OF FORTUNE.

## A SONG.

SHE recks not of fortune, though high  
 her degree ;  
 She says she's contented with true  
 love and me ;  
 And the truth of her heart my fond rapture  
 deseries  
 In the bloom of her blushes and light  
 of her eyes.

How fearful is love to the faithful  
 and young !

How trembles the heart, and how falters  
 the tongue ;  
 While the soft rising sigh, and the  
 sweet springing tear,  
 Check the half-spoken vow and the  
 glance too sincere !

Her hand to my lips when at parting I  
 press,

And she bids me adieu with a timid  
 caress,

She glides off like a sun-beam pursued  
 by a cloud,

And I kiss every flower her dear foot-  
 steps have bowed.

As the fawn steals for play from the  
still-feeding flock,  
As darts the young hawk from his hold  
in the rock,  
So peeps forth my Lucy when none  
are aware,  
So flies her fond lover her ramble to  
share.

We linger at noon by the rocks and  
the coves  
Where the slow-winding stream sleeps  
in nooks which he loves,—  
When the freshness of spring has been  
mellowed by June,  
And the parent-bird warbles a tenderer  
tune.

We scarce talk of love,—she is scared  
at the sound ;  
But it breathes from the skies, and it  
bursts from the ground :  
Of whatever we talk, it is love that  
we mean—  
On whatever we look, it is love that is  
seen.

J. F.

## SCOT AND SCOTLAND.

## EPISTLE TO GEORGE CATTERMOLE, ESQ.

AGAIN, upon my waking dream,  
Rise the gray cairn and lonely stream;  
Lost voices to my ear return  
From many a long-forgotten urn:  
The night-wind, wailing sad and chill,  
Comes wildly from the desert hill;  
O'er the dim heath the moon-beams  
    creep  
To many a tumulary heap;  
And gliding thus from tomb to tomb,  
Wander, like corpse-lights, through the  
    gloom.

What forms are those, of dusty hue,  
That keep this mystic rendezvous?  
From the gray cairn, the ruined tower,  
The sullen stream, the antique bower,  
From the poor hind's deserted bield,  
From yonder proud historic field,  
From hill, from plain, from rocky shore,  
From wold, and darkling wood, they  
    pour,

From silent lake and lonely glen—  
Who hath called up those shapes again?

Not mine the magic to compel  
The past unto my wizard spell—  
To me is given a heart alone  
Responsive to the master tone;  
I pay no vows at nature's shrine  
Save through her chosen priests divine;  
And thus, a lowly devotee,  
I bow, dear Cattermole, to thee.

Wave then thy mystic wand, and  
shower  
Upon the page those tints of power,  
To summon from their mouldering  
grave

The fair, the faithful, and the brave.  
Small though his portion in thine art,  
Yet dull of eye, and dead of heart,  
Thy comrade on this spot would be,  
To claim no fellowship with thee!  
Threw not that cold and troubled sky  
Its shadows o'er his infant eye?  
Climbed he not yonder mountain's side  
In boyhood's joy, and boyhood's pride?  
Plunged he not in yon dusky main,  
Deep as the wild duck, and again  
Upbounding, shouted, shrill and brave,  
Defiance to the stormy wave?

Oh, many a weary league since then  
I've wandered in the haunts of men :  
Oh, many a land hath spread for me  
Her fairest, richest canopy !

Oh, many a hand, in friendship's  
grasp,

To mine hath given clasp for clasp !

Oh, many a bower, oh, many a grove,  
Have listened to my notes of love !

Yet, exiled from my native strand,  
Where have I found a sweeter land,  
Or lovelier love, or truer hand ?

Onward I roved on foreign ground,  
But no continuing city found.

An unweaned child—I could not rest  
For thinking of my mother's breast :

A stranger and a pilgrim—I  
Could find no other place to die  
But ever turned a longing heart  
To thee who wert, to thee who art,  
In sun and shade, through good and ill  
Scotland—my home—my country still

But not alone th' instinctive band  
Which binds us to our native land—  
Not on the wanderer's heart alone  
Those fairy links of love are thrown ;  
Thought, taste, and fancy on the side  
Of holy nature are allied,

And art hath taught me to adore  
The charms I only loved before.

Romantic Clyde! beloved stream!  
Thus rising on my lonely dream,  
Thou seem'st a goddess of old song  
To whom no traits of earth belong—  
A spirit of beauty, whose bright eye  
Doth rule the tides of poesy:  
Thy circling hills, and waving woods,  
Thy currents calm, and headlong  
floods,  
The rich winds o'er thy bosom straying,  
The music in thy groves delaying,  
Thy birds, and flowers, and whispering trees—  
But exoteric symbols these:  
While thou, the goddess' self, apart  
Dwell'st in thy faithful votary's heart,  
Each meaner feeling to refine,  
To prompt and urge the headlong line,  
To raise, console, sustain, and shower  
High influence on his darkest hour.

And smile not, though so wild my  
dream  
When that fair river is the theme:  
For every spot its banks around  
To me, my friend, is haunted ground.

Time did not quench my youthful flame,  
Nor slow and dull experience tame :  
I saw not, drooping, day by day,  
Or falling, one by one, away,  
The fairy flowers, the visions high  
That gleamed before my infant eye.  
I saw not, stripped of leaf and tree,  
The paradise that bloomed for me,  
Till the bleak winds of life at last  
Ran moaning o'er a barren waste.  
Flung sudden on the ocean stream,  
While yet in my first morning dream,  
I saw the lost, the lovely land,  
Recede, like some enchanted strand :  
What marvel, then, if longing eye  
I turned towards my native sky ?  
What marvel if a sod so sweet  
Ne'er blest the weary Ishmael's feet ?  
What marvel if that mystic spot  
Seemed heaven to the wandering Scot ?

Strange, how our superstitions twine,  
Each with the next, until a line  
They weave, that through each varied  
stage  
Runs on from infancy to age,  
Linking the spring with summer wea-  
ther,  
And chaining youth and years together.

Thus did that nameless, shapeless  
dread,  
Which scared me on my cradled bed,  
(An embryo terror, blank and dim,)  
Resolve into the spectre grim :  
Then paled the stars, then moaned the  
breeze,  
Then voices whispered in the trees,  
And flitting lights the church-yard o'er,  
And shapes that, beckoning, stalked  
before,  
And shrieks from forth the tumbling  
flood,  
Curdled so cold my boyhood's blood !

But these, when boyhood's courage  
grew,  
As if at cock-crow, sudden flew,  
And in their stead a mystic band  
Rise gloomy in the troubled land ;  
O'er the new scene of fear preside  
The hags that on the tempest ride ;  
And wizards fling their potent spell  
Over the world invisible.  
Yet soon begins the sky to clear,  
As waxeth fast the human year ;  
To broomstick, witch, and warlock  
fly,  
Their latest ' whirs ' in distance die ;

Sinks in the ground th' unhallowed fire,  
And with a hiss the flames expire.

Then smiles the scorched earth anew,  
Then falls again the balmy dew,  
Then flowers exhale their od'rous  
breath

Where rose the noisome steams of  
death,

And fountains ran their margins o'er  
Where the hell-cauldron hissed be-  
fore.

No incantation, deep and strong,  
The echoes of the Clyde prolong ;  
But fairy harps, from bower and grove,  
Awake the dulcet notes of love,  
While fairy feet in mirthful dance,  
Among the glancing moon-beams  
glance ;

And fairy voices, swelling high,  
Bear burden to the minstrelsy.

Not quite of fear my tremor tells,  
Nor quite in faith my bosom swells,  
When 'neath my wondering glance  
there grow

The glories of that spectral show :  
O'er my half-wakened heart I feel  
A strange unwonted softness steal ;

My bosom heaves with aimless sighs,  
And tears bedew my half-shut eyes.  
Not all a dream ! not all a dream !  
Mingling with that small beauty's  
beam,  
I see, and with a blush confess,  
The traits of mortal loveliness :  
Almost as bright, and tiny too,  
Some lassie, with her eyes of blue,  
Hath thus usurped, in face and mien,  
The graces of the elfin queen !  
O, fair delusion ! loved deceit !  
Dear hast thou cost me, poisoned sweet !  
With fiction still worse fiction blending,  
In dreams begun, in falsehood ending

But hark ! a blast of battle-horn,  
On Kempwick's midnight breezes borne  
Comes sudden down thy lone hill side,  
And wakes the echoes of the Clyde,  
Which, starting at the hostile strain,  
Answer that challenge back again ;  
Not long my ear the sound retains,  
Nor long the shadowy joust remains  
To glad or grieve my boyish eye  
With deeds of Elfin chivalry.  
With sterner shades the air is thick—  
Boils my young blood, my breath comes  
quick ; •

I see from many a hoary tomb  
My country's ancient heroes come ;  
From old historic fields afar,  
The stately march of Scotland's war  
Echoing o'er hill and moreland gray,  
All feebler visions scares away.

And thus, dear comrade, did my mind  
Its nurture, or its poison, find :  
And thus, the flowery mazes past,  
Did fiction lead to truth at last,  
And fancy her wild garlands tie  
O'er the stern brows of history.

Ask not of me the glance severe,  
The learned frown, the caustic sneer,  
When turning to my native land  
' From wandering on a foreign strand.'  
Like him, whose lore, from passion  
gained,  
Taught that the world two parts con-  
tained,  
(Unknown the others, or forgot.)  
' Where is my love, and where is not—  
Two eras, even so, combine  
To form this luckless life of mine :  
One is the age of high romance,  
Of haughty heart and daring glance ;

Of generous purpose, bold emprise,  
And golden dreams, and cloudless  
skies.

The other!—but depict for me  
The age of dread reality,  
Oh, ye mute witnesses—the eye  
Tearless and cold,—the unconscious  
sigh,

The scornful lip, the sinking heart,  
The sleepless night, the frequent start,  
The dark'ning frown, the smile uncouth,  
The gray hairs on the brow of youth!

But, linked with all of good and bright,  
These shores now bless the wanderer's  
sight;

Who, turning from the darkened main,  
Greets his lost paradise again.

Leave then to others, gifted mate,  
The task of satire, envy, hate;  
And wave thy mystic wand, and  
shower

Upon the page those tints of power,  
To summon from their mouldering  
grave

The fair, the faithful, and the brave.

## THE GANGES.

“ On the morning we floated again upon the broad bosom of the Ganges, which was hourly widening as we approached Calcutta.—As I now call to my recollection the beauties of that magnificent river, I shall indulge myself, and, I trust, gratify the reader, by giving a poetical description of it from the pen of one of its own native bards.”—*Oriental Annual*.

GOLD river! gold river! how gallantly  
 now  
 Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting  
 her prow!  
 In the pride of her beauty how swiftly  
 she flies,  
 Like a white winged spirit through  
 topaz-paved skies.

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is  
 calm,  
 And o'er thee the breezes are shedding  
 their balm;  
 And nature beholds her fair features  
 portrayed,  
 In the glass of thy bosom serenely dis-  
 played.

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy  
waves  
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool coral  
caves;  
And thence, with his tiar of light, in  
the morn,  
He will rise, and the skies with his  
glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how bright is  
the beam  
That lightens and crimsons thy soft  
flowing stream!  
Whose waters beneath make a musical  
clashing,  
Whose waves, as they burst, in their  
brightness are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will  
soon grace  
The hall of the stars with her light-  
shedding face;  
The wandering planets will over thee  
throng,  
And seraphs will waken their music  
and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief  
course is done,

And, safe in the city, our home we  
have won :  
And as to the bright sun, now dropped  
from our view,  
So, Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful  
adieu.

KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

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### MAISUNA.

Maisuna was the daughter of the tribe of Calab, remarkable for the number of poets it had produced. She was married, whilst very young, to the Khaliph Mowiah. But this exalted station by no means suited the disposition of Maisuna ; and amidst all the pomp and splendour of Damascus, she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert.—*Landscape Annual*.

THE russet suit of camel's hair,  
With spirits light and eye serene,  
Is dearer to my bosom, far,  
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent and murmuring  
breeze,  
That whistles through its fluttering  
walls,

My unaspiring fancy please,  
Better than towers and splendid halls.

Th' attendant colts that, bounding, fly,  
And frolic by the litter's side,  
Are dearer, in Maisuna's eye,  
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice, that bays  
whene'er  
A stranger seeks his master's cot,  
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear  
Than yonder trumpet's long drawn  
note.

The rustic youth, unspoilt by art,  
Son of my kindred, poor, but free,  
Will ever to Maisuna's heart  
Be dearer, pampered king, than thee.

## RIO VERDE.

Associated with the scenery of the Rio Verde, is the exquisite ballad, so admirably adapted by the Bishop of Dromore, applying to the famous Alonzo d'Aguilar and his brave companions, in the vicinity of these innately banks, ever bright and blooming, watered by the fresh, green-gemmed river.—*Landscape Annual*.

GENTLE river! gentle river!  
 Lo, thy streams are stained with gore;  
 Many a brave and noble captain  
 Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
 All beside thy sands so bright,  
 Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors  
 Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes  
 On thy fatal banks were slain;  
 Fatal banks! that gave to slaughter  
 All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,  
 Full of wounds and glory, died:

There the fearless Urdiales  
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo, where yonder Don Saavedra  
Through their squadrons slow re-  
tires :  
Proud Seville, his native city,  
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado  
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry,  
" Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra !  
Dost thou from the battle fly ?

" Well I know thee, haughty Christian,  
Long I lived beneath thy roof;  
Oft I've in the lists of glory  
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

" Well I know thy aged parents,  
Well thy blooming bride I know ;  
Seven years I was thy captive,  
Seven years of pain and woe.

" May our Prophet grant my wishes,  
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine ;  
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow  
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
Back he sends an angry glare ;  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,  
Sends a deep and mortal wound ;  
Instant sunk the renegado,  
Mute and lifeless, on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
Brave Saavedra stands at bay ;  
Wearied out, but never daunted,  
Cold, at length, the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonzo  
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;  
From his slaughtered steed dismounted,  
Firm intrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,  
Furious he repels their rage ;  
Loss of blood at length enfeebles—  
Who can war with thousands wage ?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,  
Close beneath its foot retired,  
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expired !

## LAMENT OF THE POET SAVAGE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

"Savage was so touched by the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand."—Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

HAVE ye looked out across the wide  
green sea,  
With all its mountain billows raging  
round ;  
And gazing on it, gathered bitterly  
Unto yourselves the memory of the  
drowned ?  
While others, gazing with you, in  
that sound  
Heard nothing but the ocean's cease-  
less roar :—  
Have ye in every wave beheld a  
mound  
O'er one who hath no grave; whence  
float to shore  
Fond, fancied words from him whose  
lips shall breathe no more ?

So, o'er my gaze, across the world's wide sea,  
Sad memory still her veil of darkness flings,  
Dims with her clouds my soul's full ecstasy,  
And drieth up joy's gushing natural springs.  
So, though to others Time some comfort brings,  
For me it hath no voice,—no soothing balm ;  
Still wearily my spirit droops its wings,  
Shrinks sickening from the crowd-awarded palm,  
And yearns for one wrecked hope which hath destroyed its calm.

Oh, to forget it ! but for one bright day—  
An hour—a happy moment ! oh ! to sleep  
And dream not of it : to arise and say,  
Lo, here is morning ! and to feel no deep  
And sickening consciousness of cause to weep,  
Weigh down the waking soul : to smile nor fear

The shades that round my couch  
their vigil keep,  
Will haunt e'en then, and murmur in  
mine ear,  
How canst thou smile, when we, the  
doubly lost, are near.

Blow, ye wild breezes, o'er my native  
hills :

Bend, ye wild flowers, beneath their  
gladsome breath :

Gush on in beauty, founts whose mu-  
sic fills

The voiceless air,—the taint of sin  
and death,

Th' eternal curse that all must bow  
beneath,

Rests not on you ! Forth on its endless  
quest

It sweeps o'er sunny bank and  
desolate heath,

To find a home within the human  
breast,

A feared, and loathed, and scorned,  
but never banished guest.

The beautiful things of earth ! how I  
have loved

To feel my spirit in its silent trance

When lone, but free, my eager foot-  
steps roved :

With each new charm that met my  
wandering glance :

The sky—the trees—the flowers—all  
things which chance

Or my own seeking brought: but that  
is past.

Never, oh ! never more my heart  
shall dance,

Sending its crimson torrent, warm and  
fast,

To veins whose rushing tide flows  
cold and slow at last.

Deserted, scorned, abjured, ere yet I  
knew

What such desertion was—my form,  
my name,

My very being known but to a few,  
And by those few remembered with  
deep shame,

As an eternal blot upon the fame  
Of those who, fearing not to sin, did yet

Fear the upbraiding eyes whose  
scorn could tame

Proud hearts, that quailed at every  
glance they met,

And having loved in sin, could nature's  
love forget.

Thus rose life's faint and clouded light  
to me;

And yet I had a heart, whose fer-  
vent love,

Whose power to suffer all things pa-  
tiently—

Whose boundless hope that still for  
mastery strove,

In value might have proved itself  
above

The sacrifice affection made to fear.

But never may that heart its fond-  
ness prove :

Mine is the bitter disregarded tear,  
The blight which wastes the soul from  
weary year to year.

Mother unknown, but not the less  
adored,

How hath my soul gone forth in  
search of thine !

How hath my wild and eager spirit  
poured,

In its lone watchings on the face di-  
vine

Of heaven's blue midnight, prayers  
that might incline

The powers above to hush this pas-  
sionate storm

Of ruined hopes, and bid me cease  
to pine  
With feverish longing for thy fancied  
form,  
Quelling within my heart its never-  
dying worm.

What wild, far thoughts—what unre-  
corded dreams  
Of thy bright beauty--of thy gushing  
tears—  
When, in forsaking me, some dying  
gleams  
Of tenderness—some faint half-bu-  
ried fears  
Of what might be my fate in after  
years,  
Awoke within thy soul, and bade thee  
weep,  
Shrouding the pained and heavy  
eyes which gazed  
On thy deserted infant's quiet sleep—  
Across my lonely heart have learnt at  
times to sweep!

How have I prayed to Him, the Holy  
One,  
Who still hath guarded thy forsaken  
child,

To lead my steps where thine before  
had gone,  
And let me feed my soul with visions  
wild,  
Of how thine eyes had looked—thy  
lips had smiled :  
To leave me even renounced—abjured  
by thee,  
Beneath th' illumined lattice, where,  
beguiled  
By present thoughts and feelings, si-  
lently  
Thou dwellest now, without one wan-  
dering thought of me.

That I might see thy shadow in that  
room  
Glide to and fro upon the marble  
wall,  
And from my station in night's circling  
gloom,  
Watch thee, and dream I heard thy  
footsteps fall  
Lightly in that (to me) forbidden  
hall :  
Conjure thy low sweet voice by fancy's  
art,  
Shed wild and burning tears unseen  
by all

Whose chilling gaze forbid those drops  
to start,  
And feel a strange joy swell within  
my rapturous heart.

Oh, mother! youth is vanished from  
thy life,  
The rose of beauty faded from thy  
cheek;  
Little to thee this world of guilt and  
strife,  
Thy fame—men's scorn—are sha-  
dows faint and weak:  
And yet thou wilt not let me hear  
thee speak  
Words frozen back by woman's strug-  
gling pride:  
Thou wilt not let me in thy bosom  
seek  
The rest for which my heart hath  
vainly sighed;  
This—this was all I asked—and this  
thou hast denied!

Lone hath my life been: lone, and  
very sad:  
And wasted is the form thou wouldest  
not know:

And some have cursed, and some have  
deemed me mad,  
And sorrow hath drawn lines upon  
my brow.  
Ah! who would cheer me half so  
well as thou?  
Who could so soothe my feverish  
dreams of pain?  
Yet never for my sake thy tears shall  
flow.  
Unheard, unheeded, still must I com-  
plain,  
And to the hollow winds pour forth my  
woe in vain.

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## THE WANDERING WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE wind, the wandering wind  
Of golden summer eves!  
Whence is the thrilling magic  
Of its tones among the leaves?

Oh, is it from the waters,  
Or from the long, tall grass ?  
Or is it from the hollow rocks,  
Through which its breathings pass ?

Or is it from the voices  
Of all in one combined,  
That it wins the tone of mastery ?  
The wind, the wandering wind !

No, no ! the strange sweet accents  
That with it come and go,  
They are not from the osiers,  
Or the fir-trees, whispering low.

They are not of the river,  
Nor of the caverned hill :  
'Tis the human love within us  
That gives them power to thrill.

They touch the links of memory  
Around our spirits twined,  
And we start and weep and tremble,  
To the wind, the wandering wind !

## LINES,

BY CHARLES VERRALE, ESQ.

THE setting sun ! the setting sun ! how  
gorgeous in the west,  
O'er canopied in golden clouds, it  
proudly sinks to rest.  
A blaze of fleeting glory gilds the sky,  
the land, the sea :  
How lovely, yet how full of sad and  
solemn thought to me !

It speaks of cheerful daylight past, of  
darkness hastening on ;  
It brings to mind the gladsome hours  
that now, alas, are gone !  
It tells of youth departing fast, of health  
how soon decayed ;  
Of hopes that blossomed like the  
flowers—that blossomed but to  
fade !

It tells of mirth to sadness changed, of  
pleasure turned to pain,  
Of joy that glittered in our path, that  
now we seek in vain.

It tells of beaming happiness in moody  
murmuring lost,  
Of fervent friendship waxing cold, of  
fond affection crost !

It tells of love, triumphant love, that  
makes the heart his throne,  
Then leaves his victim desolate, de-  
serted, and alone.  
It tells of those we dearly prized, whose  
loss we now deplore ;  
It tells that we ourselves shall set, and  
weep our friends no more.

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## LINES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HELITROPE.

E così la Belta

Rapidissimamente, oh Dio ! Sen va.—*Lemene.*

THE rose upon her cheek was red ;  
And on its faithless tint relying,  
Though languor came and vigour fled,  
We little dreamt that she was dying

We bore her to the Tuscan shore,  
Where Arno rolls—a stream of glad-  
ness:

But Alps and Ocean traversed o'er  
Still added sorrow to our sadness.

Yet long, unblanched, upon her cheek  
'The rose of England loved to linger;  
But well the hectic's glowing streak  
Told where decay had set her finger.

Devoted beauty! days went by—  
Sad days! that but matured the  
canker,  
Yet found her still with cloudless eye,  
Like Hope, reposing on her anchor!

So when autumnal suns arise,  
And nature's radiant form is lightest,  
The leaf is clothed in richest guise,  
And withers while the tint is  
brightest.

## THE FALLEN LIME TREE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, joy of the peasant! oh, stately  
lime!

Thou art fallen in thy golden honey  
time;

Thou whose wavy shadows,  
Long and long ago,

Screened our grey forefathers  
From the noontide's glow;

Thou, beneath whose branches,  
Touched with moonlight gleams,

Lay our early poets  
Wrapt in fairy dreams—

Oh, tree of our fathers! oh, hallowed  
tree!

A glory is gone from our home with  
thee.

Where shall now the weary  
Rest through summer eves?

Or the bee find honey,  
As on thy sweet leaves.

Where shall now the ringdove  
Build again her nest—

She, so long the inmate  
    Of thy fragrant breast ?  
But the sons of the peasant have lost  
    in thee  
Far more than the ringdove, far more  
    than the bee.

These may yet find coverts,  
    Leafy and profound,  
Full of dewy dimness,  
    Odour, and soft sound :  
But the gentle memories  
    Clinging all to thee,  
When shall they be gathered  
    Round another tree ?  
Oh, pride of our fathers ! oh, hallowed  
    tree !  
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in  
    thee

## SONNET.

BY R. F. HOUSEMAN.

OH ! there is music in my heart to-night,  
Sweeter than lapsing river-waters  
when  
They weave their circling spells in  
secret glen,  
Darkling and peaceful :—Silently, the  
light  
Of a dead happiness goes gleaming  
bright  
Before my eyes—how beautiful ! and  
now,  
The dream-touched radiance of a  
stainless brow,  
Shines out amid the dimness, pale and  
white !  
Most gentle vision !—Thou art she with  
whom  
Erewhile I plucked from youth's  
full-foliaged tree  
Hope's perishing buds, and love's deli-  
cious bloom !

Wherefore thus brought, in wakeful  
    fantasy,  
To mock the spirit's loneliness?—  
    Ah, me,  
What spell hath triumphed o'er the  
    envious tomb?

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## NIGHT.

BY MRS. NCRTON.

NIGHT sinks upon the dim grey wave,  
    Night clouds the spires that mark  
        the town :  
On living rest and grassy grave,  
    The shadowy night comes slowly  
        down.  
And now the good and happy rest,  
    The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,  
        And closer to its mother's breast  
            The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But I!—The sentry, musing lone—  
    The sailor, on the cold grey sea,  
        So sad a watch hath never known,  
            As that which must be kept by me.

I cannot rest, thou solemn night!

Thy very silence hath the power  
To conjure sounds and visions bright,  
Unseen, unheard, in daylight's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,  
Memory of deep and bitter wrongs,  
Laughter, whose sound hath died away,  
And snatches of forgotten songs;  
These haunt my soul; and as I gaze  
Up to the calm and quiet moon,  
I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,  
Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again the voice whose tone  
Is more to me than music's sound;  
And youthful forms for ever gone  
Come, in their beauty, crowding  
round.

I start—the mocking dreams depart.  
Thy loved words melt upon the air,  
And whether swells or sinks my heart,  
Thou dost not know—thou dost not  
care!

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,  
Thy languid eyelids slowly close,  
Without a thought of what hath been,  
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.

Oh, weary night—oh, endless night,  
Blank pause between two feverish  
days,  
Roll back your shadows, give me light,  
Give me the sunshine's fiercest  
blaze !

Give me the glorious noon ! alas !  
What recks it by what light I pray,  
Since hopeless hours must dawn and  
pass,  
And sleepless night succeed to day ?  
Yet, cold and blue and quiet sky,  
There is a night where all find rest.  
A long, long night.—With those who  
die,  
Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest !

## A SONG OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hast thou no fears ? oh thou exulting thing,  
 Thus looking forth on life ! Is there no spell  
 In the strong wind to tame thee ? Thou hast yet  
 To learn harsh lessons from the change-  
 ful hours,  
 And bow thy stately head submissively  
 Unto a heavy touch : for here, bright  
 shape !  
 Thy resting place is not.

---

Rose, what dost thou here ?  
 Bridal, royal Rose !  
 How, midst grief and fear,  
 Canst thou thus disclose  
 That fervid hue of love which to thy  
 heart-leaf glows ?

Rose, too much arrayed  
 For triumphal hours,

Look'st thou through the shade  
Of these mortal bowers,  
Not to disturb my soul ? thou crowned  
one of all flowers.

As an eagle soaring  
Through a sunny sky,  
As a clarion pouring  
Strains of victory,  
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for  
earthly doom too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing  
Youthful poet's cheek ;  
Thoughts of glory, rushing  
Forth in song to break,  
But finding the spring-tide of rapid  
song too weak.

Yet, oh festal Rose,  
I have seen thee lying  
In thy bright repose,  
Pillooned with the dying,  
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's  
quick blood was flying.

Summer, Life, and Love,  
O'er that bed of pain,

Met in thee, yet wove  
Too, too frail a chain  
In its embracing links the lovely to  
detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower  
Oh! within the spells  
Of thy beauty's power,  
Something dimly dwells  
At variance with a world of sorrows  
and farewells!

All the soul, forth flowing  
With that rich perfume,  
All the proud life, glowing  
In that radiant bloom,  
Have they no place but here, beneath  
th' o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
Of our tearful race?  
Heaven's own purest waters  
Well might wear the trace  
Of thy consummate form, melting to  
softer grace?

Will that clime enfold thee  
With immortal air?

Shall we not behold thee,  
Bright and deathless, there,  
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly  
more fair?

Yes, my fancy sees thee  
In that light disclose,  
And its dream thus frees thee  
From the mist of woes,  
Darkening thine earthly bowers, oh  
bridal, royal Rose!

---

## SUMMER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

THE spring's fair promise melted into  
thee,  
Fair summer, and thy gentle reign is  
here:  
Thy emerald robes are on each heavy  
tree,  
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and  
clear;  
And the free brooks have songs to  
bless thy reign—  
They leap in music 'midst thy bright  
domain.

The gales that wander from the un-  
bounded west,  
Are burthened with the breath of  
countless fields :  
They teem with incense from the green  
earth's breast,  
That up to heaven its grateful odour  
yields,  
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from  
many a bird,  
By nature's aspect into rapture stirred.

In such a scene, the sun illumined  
heart  
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow  
cell,  
When through its bars the morning  
glories dart,  
And forest anthems in his hearing  
swell :  
And like the heaving of the voiceless  
sea,  
His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire  
sky,  
Oh, Summer ! in my inmost soul  
arise

Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods  
        reply,

    And the bland air with its soft melo-  
        dies,  
Till, basking in some vision's glorious  
        ray,  
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,  
    And the impure, unholy thoughts  
        that cling

To the sad bosom torn with care and  
        pride :—

    I would soar upward on unfettered  
        wing,  
Far through the chambers of the peace-  
        ful skies,  
Where the high fount of summer's  
        brightness lies.

## THE SUN AND MOON

FROM THE GERMAN OF EBERT.

*Moon*.—Oh, Sun! ere thou closest thy  
glorious career,  
(And brilliant thy wide course has  
been,)

Delay and recount to my listening ear,  
The things which on earth thou hast  
seen.

*Sun*.—I saw, as my daily course I ran,  
The various labours of busy man;  
Each project vain, each emprise high,  
Lay open to my searching eye.  
I entered the peasant's lowly door,  
I shone on the student's narrow floor,  
I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,  
And on the proud warrior's coat of  
mail;  
I shed my rays in the house of prayer,  
On the kneeling crowds assembled  
there;  
In gilded hall and tapestried room,  
And cheered the dark cold dungeon's  
gloom:

With joy in happy eyes I shone,  
And peace bestowed where joy was  
gone.

In tears upon the face of care,  
In pearls that decked the maiden's  
hair,—

I shone on all things, sad and fair.  
But few the eyes that turned to  
heaven

In gratitude for blessings given ;  
As on the horizon's verge I hung,  
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

*Moon.*—Thou risest in glory—my jour-  
ney is o'er;

Alternate our gifts we bestow ;  
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that  
adore

The source whence all benefits flow.

*Sun.*—Thou comest, oh moon, with thy  
soft-beaming light,

To shine where my presence has  
been ;

Then tell me, I pray thee, thou fair  
queen of night,

What thou in thy travels hast een.

*Moon.—I shone on many a pillow'd head,*

*On greensward rude, and downy bed ;  
I watched the infant's tranquil sleep,  
Composed to rest so calm and deep ;  
The murderer, in his fearful dream,  
Woke, starting at my transient gleam.*

*I saw, across the midnight skies,  
Red flames from burning cities rise ;  
And where, 'mid foaming billows' roar,  
The vessel sank to rise no more—*

*I heard the drowning sailor's cry  
For succour, when no help was nigh.*

*On mountain path, and forest glade,  
The lurking robber's ambuscade,  
I shone : and on the peaceful grave  
Where sleep the noble and the brave,  
To each and all my light I gave :*

*And as my feebler silver ray  
Vanished before the dawn of day  
In vain I lent my willing ear,  
One word of gratitude to hear.*

*Sun.—We still travel onward our task  
to fulfil,*

*Till time shall be reckoned no more ;  
When all shall acknowledge the sove-  
reign will,*

*That made them to love and adore.*

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY  
CASTLE STEAMBOAT.\* 1831.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

UNKNOWN! unclaimed! tossed, as with  
other weeds,  
To silent earth, and what heart feels  
or heeds?  
And yet, perchance, these torn chill  
ashes were  
To kindred bosoms exquisitely dear.  
Perchance! Ah, surely never yet on  
earth,  
Lived one uncherished from his very  
birth:  
No, this pale dust hath once most pre-  
cious been,  
In eyes that viewed not life's last  
frenzying scene;  
When the fierce rushing night brought  
dread and death,  
Stifling the latest prayer and latest  
breath.

\* Two beautiful sisters were lost in the Rothsay Castle.

Now the cold sea to the cold earth returns  
These relics wan, o'er which no fond one mourns !  
The stranger on their stranger tene-ments  
Casts a sad gaze, and momently la-ments ;  
Then, with a sorrowing mien, he turns away,  
With hurrying steps, to leave th' un-shrouded clay.  
Yet, stranger, turn again. Hast thou not known  
What 'tis to love a something all thine own ?  
Give to these hapless ones a few meek tears,  
Lost in the beauty of their golden years.  
Look on these pale forms, these broken flowers,  
Once bright as rosebuds in spring's vernal hours :  
Adopt these desolate orphans of the grave,  
Bear them afar from the dull moaning wave :  
Gather with kind and reverential hands

Their sacred ashes from the tide-worn  
sands ;  
Consign them to some calm unstormy  
tomb,  
Where broods a tender and a tearful  
gloom ;  
Where breathes no tempest gust to  
shake their rest—  
But south winds sweep the green  
sward's flow'ring breast.  
Oh ! how unlike their death-bed—yon  
mad sea—  
Where all was awe and conquering  
agony !  
Yet if high Love and heavenly Faith  
were there,  
Thou wert expelled, wert exiled  
thence, Despair.  
If that same Love that tamed the  
storms of old,  
The Love almighty, breathed where  
thunders rolled,  
Oh, how the tempests in their hearts  
were stilled !  
The heaven and earth to those wild  
terrors thrilled :  
Softer than warblings of the mother  
dove

Pierced through their souls the whisperings of that love.  
Oh ! let us hope, ye fair and nameless dead,  
Deep blessings o'er your fearful doom were shed ;  
And that 'twas given to ye, when doomed to part,  
To die soul linked in soul, and heart to heart,  
With your beloved ones ! blessed even thus to share  
That hour's immeasurable hope or fear.

---

## AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

BY MRS. HEMANS

A celebrated picture by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription "Et in Arcadia Ego."

They have wandered in their glee  
With the butterfly and bee,  
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,  
They have wound through forest dells.

Mountain moss hath felt their tread,  
Woodland streams their way have  
led !

Flowers in deepest Oread nooks,  
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
Unto them have yielded up  
Fragrant bell and starry cup ;  
Chaplets are on every brow ;  
What hath stayed the wanderers  
now ?

Lo a grey and rustic tomb  
Bowered amidst the rich wood  
gloom,  
Whence those words their stricken bo-  
soms melt—  
“ I too, shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt ! ”

There is many a summer sound  
That pale sepulchre around ;  
Through the shade young birds are  
glancing,  
Insect wings in sun-streaks danc-  
ing,  
Glimpses of blue festal skies  
Pouring in when soft winds rise :  
Violets o'er the turf below  
Shedding out their warmest glow ;  
Yet a spirit not its own  
O'er the greenwood now is thrown !

Something of an under note  
Through its music seems to float,  
Something of a stillness grey  
Creeps across the laughing day,  
Something from those old words felt—  
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt!”

Was some gentle kindred maid  
In that grave with dirges laid ?  
Some fair creature with the tone  
Of whose voice a joy is gone,  
Leaving melody and mirth  
Poorer on this altered earth ?  
Is it thus ? that so they stand,  
Dropping flowers from every hand ;  
Flowers, and lyres, and gather'd  
store  
Of red wild-fruit, prized no more ?  
No, from that bright band of morn  
Not one link hath yet been torn ;  
'Tis the shadow of the tomb,  
Falling thus o'er summer's bloom,  
O'er the flush of love and life,  
Passing with a sudden strife :  
'Tis the low, prophetic breath  
Rising from the house of death,  
Which thus whispers, those glad hearts  
to melt—  
“ I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt !”

## INFANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S LOVE."

How beautiful is infancy !

The bud upon the tree,  
With all its young leaves folded yet,

Is not so sweet to me.

How day-like a young mother looks

Upon the lovely thing,  
And from its couch, at her approach,

How rosy sleep takes wing.

O this makes morning's toilette-hour

So beautiful to see ;

Her rising wakens all young things,

The babe, the bird, the bee.

The infant sun-beams, from the clouds

That curtain their blue bed,

Peep forth, like little ones that fear

Lest darkness be not fled ;

Till morn assures them, and they wave

Their saffron wings, and take

The rapture of their rosy flight,

O'er lea, and lawn, and lake ;

Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies

That float about like flowers,

And the bee abroad on busy wing  
To seek the budding bowers ;  
And breezes upsprung from the sea,  
And hurrying o'er the hills,  
Brushing the bright dews as they pass,  
And rippling all the rills.

But, infancy ! sweet infancy !  
Thou'rt sweeter than all these,  
Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,  
Or bower, or beam, or breeze,  
Far sweeter is thy blooming cheek,  
Thine eyes all bland and bright,  
Thy mouth, the rosy cell of sound,  
With thy budding teeth all white ;  
Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,  
Thy gushes of glad mirth,  
The clapping of thy rosy hands,  
Thou merriest thing on earth !  
Thou gift of Heaven—thou promise  
plant—  
On earth, in air, or sea,  
There's nothing half so priceless, or  
So beautiful as thee !

## PARIS

## ON THE MORNING OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH'S EXECUTION.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS, FROM THE  
BASVIGLIANA, THE MOST CELEBRATED  
POLITICAL POEM OF MONTI.

Hugh Basville, envoy of the French Revolutionary Government, was put to death at Rome by the Pope for an attempt to excite sedition. The subject of Monti's poem is the condemnation of Basville's spirit to traverse France, under the guidance of a chastising angel, and contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed. He is supposed to enter Paris, with his immortal guide, at the moment preceding the execution of Louis XVI.

THE air was heavy, and the brooding skies  
 Looked fraught with omens, as to harmonize  
 With his pale aspect. Through the forest round  
 Not a leaf whisper'd, and the only sound

That broke the stillness, was a stream-  
let's moan,  
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plain-  
tive tone,  
As if a storm within the woodland  
bowers  
Were gathering. On they moved, and  
lo! the towers  
Of a far city nearer now they drew,  
And all reveal'd expanding on their  
view,  
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and  
woes—  
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose.

\* \* \* \*

In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,  
Viewless and hush'd, the angel and the  
shade  
Enter'd that evil city. Onward passed  
The heavenly being first, with brow  
o'ercast,  
And troubled mien; while in his glo-  
rious eyes  
Tears had obscured the splendour of  
the skies.  
Pale with dismay, the trembling spirit  
saw  
That altered aspect, and in breathless  
awe

Marked the strange silence round.  
The deep-toned swell  
Of life's full tide was hush'd ; the sa-  
cred bell,  
The clamorous anvil, mute : all sounds  
were fled  
Of labour or of mirth, and in their  
stead  
Terror and stillness ! boding signs of  
woe--  
Inquiring glances, rumours whisper'd  
low ;  
Questions half uttered, jealous looks  
that keep  
A fearful watch around ; and sadness  
deep,  
That weighs upon the heart ; and  
voices heard  
At intervals, in many a broken word ;  
Voices of mothers, trembling as they  
press'd  
Th' unconscious infant closer to their  
breast,  
Voices of wives, with fond imploring  
cries,  
And the wild eloquence of tears and  
sighs,  
On their own thresholds striving to de-  
tain

Their fierce impatient lords ; but weak  
and vain  
Affection's gentle bonds ; in that dread  
hour  
Of fate and fury, love hath lost his  
power,  
For evil spirits are abroad—the air  
Breathes of such influence: Druid phan-  
toms there,  
Fired by that thirst for victims which  
of old  
Raged in their bosoms fierce and un-  
controll'd,  
Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey  
The deepest crime that e'er hath  
dimm'd the day.  
Blood, human blood, hath stained their  
vests and hair,  
On the winds tossing with a sanguine  
glare,  
Scattering red showers around them.  
Flaming brands,  
And serpent scourges, in their ruthless  
hands  
Are wildly shaken ; others lift on high  
The steel, the envenom'd bowl, and  
hurrying by  
With touch of fire contagious fury dart  
Through mortal veins, fast kindling to  
the heart.

Then comes the rush of crowds! restrained no more,  
Fast from each house the frenzied inmates pour;  
From every heart affrighted mercy flies,  
While her soft voice amidst the tumult dies.  
Then the earth trembles, as from street to street  
The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening feet,  
The roll of wheels, all mingled in the breeze,  
Come deepening onward, as the swell of seas  
Heard at dead midnight; or the sullen moan  
Of gathering storms, or hollow boding tone  
Of far off thunder. *Then* what anguish press'd,  
O wretched Basville! on thy guilty breast.  
What pangs were thine, then fated to behold  
Death's awful banner to the wind unroll'd!  
To see the axe, the scaffold raised on high,

The dark impatience of the murderer's  
eye,  
Eager for crime ! And he, the great,  
the good,  
Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for  
blood,  
Dragg'd to a felon's death ! yet still his  
mien  
'Midst that wild throng, is loftily se-  
rene,  
And his step falters not ! oh hearts un-  
moved !  
Where have you borne your monarch ?  
he who loved—  
Loved you so well ! Behold the sun  
grows pale,  
Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil.  
The misty air is silent as in dread,  
And the dim sky with shadowy gloom  
o'erspread,  
While saints and martyrs, spirits of the  
blest,  
Look down all weeping from their  
bowers of rest.

\* \* \* \*

In that dread moment, to the fatal  
pile  
The kingly victim came, and raised the  
while

His patient glance, with such an aspect  
high,  
So firm, so calm in holy majesty,  
That e'en the assassin's heart one in-  
stant shook  
Before the might of that ascendant  
look,  
And a strange thrill of pity, half re-  
new'd,  
Stirr'd through the bosom of the multi-  
tude.

\* \* \* \*

Like him who, breathing mercy to the  
last,  
Pray'd till the bitterness of death was  
past,  
Ev'n for his murderers prayed, in that  
dark hour  
When his soul yielded to affliction's  
power,  
And the wind bore his dying cry  
abroad—  
*“Hast thou forsaken me, my God, my  
God ?”*  
E'en thus the monarch stood ; *his* prayer  
arose,  
Thus calling down forgiveness on *his*  
foes ;

"To thee my spirit I commend," he  
cried,—

"And my lost people; Father, be their  
guide!"

\* \* \* \*

But the sharp steel descends: the blow  
is given,  
And answered by a thunder-peal from  
heaven;  
Earth, stained with blood, convulsive  
terror owns,  
And her kings tremble on their distant  
thrones.

---

### A LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. CAMPBELL,  
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF COL. HAR-  
VEY, EDINBURG CASTLE.

OUR bright hopes have vanished—her  
young heart is broken!

Her pale lips are closed, and their last  
words are spoken

Dissolved all the fond ties so lately that  
bound her,

And blighted each joy that seemed  
ripening around her!

Could the tears of thy kindred—the  
husband who shared  
All thy heart, and thy hopes, and thy  
life, but have spared  
Thy being's brief loveliness ! how had  
they striven  
To retard but one hour the stern man-  
date of heaven !  
In vain ! for death's signet sat pale on  
thy brow,  
And their hopes, one by one, fell like  
leaves from the bough !  
Thou hast passed from our eyes, like a  
bright summer cloud  
From thy brief happy day—from thy  
home to thy shroud !  
When thy days were the sweetest, thy  
young hopes the highest,  
And the goal of earth happiness glim-  
mer'd the nighest,  
With the rose on thy cheek, and thy  
forehead so fair,  
Unwasted by sorrow, unfurrowed by  
care !  
In an hour that announced thee a  
mother ! then drew  
The dark veil of death 'twixt thy child  
and thy view !

Thou art gone ! But the tempest that  
levell'd the tree,  
One tendril has spared to remind us of  
thee.  
Remind us ! what pain as we dwell on  
the word !  
Again thy loved accents in her's will  
be heard ;  
Affection will cling to the treasure be-  
queathed,  
And tell her, long hence, where thy  
last words were breathed !

---

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY DR. R. MADDEN.

THE sea was smooth, and bright the  
shore,  
A cloudless sky above,  
But frail the little bark that bore  
A mother's freight of love !

It danced upon the morning tide,  
And mocked a mother's fears ;  
An object of a moment's pride—  
A subject soon of tears.

The sun is gone, the sky is dark,  
The sea is ruffled o'er,  
Ah, me! where is that little bark  
That left the joyous shore?

It meets no more the longing eye,  
It may no more return;  
The night is past, no bark is nigh;  
The mourner's left forlorn.

Yet weep not, though it meet no more  
Thy gaze on yonder sea,  
Another and a brighter shore—  
Is smiling on its lee.

Another, and a brighter port  
Is now its peaceful home  
Where wail or woe, or earthly sort  
Of care can never come!

## THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Not in the noise, the tumult, and the crowd,  
 Did the Arch-tempter spread his snares for THEE :  
 There he might hope to catch the vain, the proud,  
 The selfish ;—all who bend the willing knee  
 To pageants which the world hath deified,  
 Seeking from such their pleasure and their pride.

But THOU, who, even in thy tarriance here,  
 Didst bear about Thee tokens of the high  
 And holy influence of thy primal sphere,  
 Stamping thy manhood with Divinity !

Who, IN the world, wert still not OR  
it—Thou,  
He could not hope, unto its spells  
would'st bow.

Therefore he sought and found Thee—  
in the gloom  
Of the vast wilderness, perchance  
employed  
In meditating on man's hapless doom;  
Who but for sin had still in peace  
enjoyed  
The bliss of Eden, ere the serpent's  
thrall  
Had wrought our earliest parents' fa-  
tal fall.

But vain the tempter's power and art!  
Though spent  
With long, lone fasting in that desert  
drear,  
Thou, in thy Deity omnipotent,  
As man—from human crimes and  
follies clear,  
Wert still *temptation-proof*, from frailty  
free:  
HE left—and ANGELS ministered to  
Thee!

Oh! then, as Eden, when by sin defiled,  
 Was Paradise no more, THY PRESENCE made  
 A brief Elysium in the desert wild,  
 And more than sunshine pierced its matted shade ;  
 Its darkest depths by heavenly hosts were trod,  
 And the rude wilderness confessed its GOD !

---

## THE GRAVES OF HINDOSTAN.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

WHEN the coming shadows rest,  
 (A welcome sight) on India's plains,  
 And o'er the brightly glowing west  
 The sun has flung his amber stains—  
 When the tired Golier\* drops his oar,  
 And nears his light bark to the shore—  
 When the rich odorous scent that dwells  
 Amid the banbool's golden cells,

\* One of the principal boatmen, who stands at the prow with an oar, sounding, as the vessel passes through shallow water.

Moved by the gale's soft witcheries,  
Comes stealing out in balmy sighs—  
When, glancing in the sloping beam,  
Pearl-like, or bright with emerald  
gleam,

The rice birds and the paroquets  
Across the golden ether sweep;  
And lamps from distant minarets,  
And groves begemmed with fire-  
flies, peep—

When the pagoda's silvery bell  
The near approach of eve doth tell—  
How gladly then the eye reposes,  
Dazzled with noontide's fiery blaze,  
Upon the scene which she discloses,  
Beneath her mild, attempered rays!  
How gladly then the prisoned feet  
Seek out some green and cool retreat!  
Long in the cabined budgerow pent,

We track the river's winding shore;  
Or, springing from the sultry tent,  
The broad expanse around explore  
And both are beautiful—the tanks  
Are brimming o'er their flower-  
wreathed banks,

Reflecting, in their glassy lakes,  
The tangled jungle's leafy brakes,  
The tall mosque's pinnacled minars,  
And heaven's bright host of countless  
stars;

While 'neath the river's towering cliffs,  
Whose sunlit points in splendour  
glow,  
A fairy fleet of graceful skiffs  
Dance with the dancing current's  
flow.

Whene'er through copse and flowery  
glade,  
In the cool evening air I've strayed,  
However bright and richly fraught  
The varied scene before me spread,  
My wandering footsteps still have  
sought  
The quiet mansions of the dead—  
The scattered graves where Moslems  
lie,  
Enshrined within their massy tombs,  
Beneath some tall tree's canopy,  
Which mantles o'er their sacred  
homes :  
And not those crowded charnels,  
where  
A sickening taint infects the air,  
And o'er each dark and loathsome  
grave  
Earth's rankest weeds delight to wave :  
Where from the boughs of mournful  
trees,

The vulture snuffs the plague-fraught  
breeze ;  
And where the prowling jackalls lurk,  
'Mid crumbling bones and ruins grey,  
And hasten to their filthy work,  
With the first fall of parting day.  
How many saddening feelings rise  
Within these gloomy cemet'ries !  
How many thoughts oppress the heart,  
Where, early doomed, an exiled band,  
From their paternal homes apart,  
Lie buried in a heathen land,\*  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unknown  
Perchance without a stone to trace  
The mound so desolate and lone,  
Above their gloomy dwelling-place.  
Far different is the Moslem's lot  
Beneath his own bright dazzling  
skies ;  
In some romantic, chosen spot,  
Circled with cheerful scenes, he lies:  
And there the lamp is duly fed,  
When evening's dusky shades ap-  
pear,

\* The Moosaulmaun population of India bears a very small proportion to that of the Hindoo; and Mohammed's creed is so corrupted, that it is little removed from idolatry.

And wreaths of bright-leaved flow'rets  
shed

Upon the consecrated bier.

From the proud Mausoleum's walls,  
Where mighty Acbar's cold remains  
Repose within the marble halls,

The palace-tomb of Agra's plains—  
To the small Musjeed's\* lowly porch,  
Flames out at eve the signal torch ;  
And, where a true believer sleeps,

Some brother's hand, with pious care,  
The cumbered earth around him  
sweeps,

And plucks the dark grass gathering  
there.

Oh ! since beyond the western wave  
I may not hope to find a grave,  
Nor yield my parting spirit up,  
Where springs the glittering butter-  
cup,  
And daisies lend their silvery shrouds,  
And violets mourn in purple clouds :

\* A temple—a form in which Moosaulmaun tombs are often built ; they are generally to be found in picturesque situations, sometimes in the centre of a garden, and few are without the lamp, often fed by the hands of strangers.

Where the green moss is overspread,  
 In spring-time, with the primrose  
     pale,  
 And the red wall-flower lifts its head,  
     And sheds its sweets on autumn's  
     gale ;—  
 Where 'mid bleak winter's chilling  
     gloom,  
 The scarlet-berried hollies bloom ;  
 Where, at the flush of early morn,  
     The lark his thrilling matin sings,  
 And evening's vesper hymns are borne,  
     In soft and fitful murmurings,  
 From sheep-bells tinkling far and faint,  
     From breezes whispering music  
     round,  
 From the wood-pigeon's ceaseless  
     plaint,  
     And bubbling brooklets' lulling  
     sound :—  
 Give me a sepulchre, remote  
     From human haunts, some forest cell,  
 Where giant flowers, like banners, float  
     Above the leafy citadel ;—  
 Where the small moose-deer makes his  
     lair,  
     And gambols blythely all day long,  
 And the bright wanderers of the air  
     Gladden the woods with bursts of  
     song ;

Where on those dark and starless  
nights,

When gloom profound the sky per-  
vades,

Its gem-like lamp the fire-fly lights,

And glitters 'mid the dusky shades ;  
Where, when the notes from every  
spray,

With the sun's rays have died away,  
The sighing night-wind's pensive wail  
Will breathe a melancholy tale,  
Telling, should wandering steps in-  
trude

Upon the tangled solitude,  
The story of the exile, lost

To all that youth's bright augurs  
gave,

And finding on a foreign coast,  
One sole, sad boon, a lonely grave.

*Cawnpore.*

THE COTTAGE EMIGRANTS'  
FAREWELL.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

IN a lone mossy dingle,  
 By green trees o'erhung,  
 Their wild song of sorrow  
     Three Highland maids sung,—  
 Who were doomed, with their people  
     In exile to roam  
 O'er the stormy Atlantic,  
     To seek for a home.

For the hearths of their fathers,  
 By Want's chilling hand  
 Had been sternly extinguished  
     That morn in the land ;  
 And they came, for the last time,  
     All weeping, to bring  
 The cool gushing waters  
     From that pleasant spring.

It was piteous to see  
 How their sweet eyes grew dim,  
 With their fast flowing tears,  
     As they hung o'er its brim,

And looked their farewell  
To that beautiful spot,  
Endeared by those ties  
Which could ne'er be forgot.

And oft from their vessels,  
Replenished in vain,  
They restored the pure stream  
To the fountain again ;  
As fondly they lingered,  
And, loth to depart,  
They sobbed forth their grief  
In the anguish of heart.

" Dear fountain of our native glen !  
Far hence we're doomed to go ;  
And soon for other urns than ours  
Thy crystal streams will flow.

" Thy snowy lilies still will bloom  
On this delightful spot,  
Sweet fountain of our native glen !  
Though we behold them not.

" And thou wilt, from thy sparkling cell,  
Still softly murmur on,  
When those who loved thy voice to  
hear,  
To other lands are gone.

“ Dear fountain of our native glen !  
Beloved by us in vain,  
That pleasant sound shall never glad  
Our pensive ears again.

“ Dear fountain of our native glen !  
Which we no more must view,  
With breaking hearts thy children pour  
Their long—their last adieu.”

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## EPICEDIUM.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

THE turf is green upon thee,  
Thou’rt wedded to thy rest,  
With the cold damp earth about thee,  
And thine arms across thy breast :  
The light hath waned around thee,  
In which thy spirit breathed ;  
And thou hast faded from the flowers  
With which thy brow was wreathed.

Oh ! thou wert mild and beautiful,  
A sunbeam in life’s showers ;  
Thou wert too mild and beautiful  
For this frail earth of ours :

So they have taken thee away—  
Fair spirits like thine own,  
And thou art gone to be with them  
In sight of God's high throne.

*Trinity College, Cambridge.*

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### TO DERWENT WATER.

I BLESS thee, but thou canst not know  
Why, lovely lake, I bless thee so !  
I kiss the tiny ripple thrown  
By pulses on thy margin stone ;—  
I woo thee with a lover's care,  
And words more soft than summer air ;  
I've languished oft for thee of yore  
On ocean wave and tropic shore !—  
Not for thou turn'st thine azure eye,  
Like smiling infant, on the sky ;—  
Not for that on thy virgin face  
Is mirrored majesty with grace ;  
Oh ! not for this,—though youth be  
mine,—  
Swells my fixed soul within her shrine :  
In sooth, dear thought of, dreamt of  
lake !  
I love thee for my sweet maid's sake !

H. N. C.

## WINDERMERE.

Thy calm, romantic beauty who can  
see,  
The woods of green that bend to kiss  
thy tide,  
Thy bowery isles that smile in ver-  
dure's pride,  
Nor grow enamoured, lovely lake, of  
thee ?  
At dewy dawn to roam the mountains  
o'er,  
That gird thee round like gloomy  
sentinels,  
While far beneath thy purple bosom  
swells ;  
At sultry noon to seek thy caverned  
shore,  
There woo the freshness of the per-  
fumed gale,  
List the wild cascade murmuring  
down thy rocks,  
The song of birds, and bleat of  
sportive flocks ;  
At eve to skim thy wave with noise-  
less sail,

Watch day's last trembling radiance  
fire thy breast :—  
**Thus—thus to live, were surely to be  
blest.**

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### TO THE WILD FERN.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

THY place is not where art exults to  
raise the tended flower,  
By terraced walk, or decked parterre,  
or fenced and sheltered bower ;  
Nor where, the straightly-levelled  
walls of tangled boughs between,  
The sunbeam sweeps the velvet sward,  
and streams through alleys green.

Thy dwelling is the desert heath—the  
wood—the haunted dell,  
And where the wild deer stoops to  
drink beside the mossy well ;  
And by the lake, with trembling stars  
inlaid when earth is still,  
And midnight's melancholy pomp is on  
the distant hill

But fairer than the lightest bud, on  
spring's fresh couch which lies ;  
And fairer than the gentlest flower,  
which glows 'neath summer skies ;  
Or autumn's soft and mellowed tints  
upon the fading tree ;—  
Companion of the left and worn ! thy  
leaf appears to me.

For I have loved where thou wert  
reared in greenest strength, to  
stray,  
And mark thy feathery stem upraised  
o'er lichenèd ruins grey :  
Or in the fairy moonlight bent, to meet  
the silvering hue ;  
Or glistening yet, when noon was high,  
with morn's unvanished dew.

And if the place were mine to choose,  
when being's night should call,  
Where, on this ever-verdant earth, to  
share the sleep of all,  
My grave should be the mountain's  
height, where gusts were sighing  
lone,  
And thou in graceful pride wert nigh,  
to deck the funeral stone.

It is a vain and baseless trust, by erring thoughts imprest;  
But how resides its sleepless power within the musing breast?  
That yet the soul shall wander back from that far-distant shore,  
And linger by its wonted haunts, and where it strove before.

Thus to its false and frail abode the yearning spirit clings,  
Thus lingers human love below, with unaspiring wings:  
And what on life's o'erclouded way one gleam of joy has cast,  
We fondly think shall still allure when life—grief—toil—are past.

**OH! LET US NEVER MEET  
AGAIN!**

**BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.**

**NAY,** seek no more with soothing art  
(Since all our hours of love are  
vanished),

To cheer with hope this aching heart,  
From which all thought of joy is  
banished !

Thou lov'st no more ! too well I know,  
All hope to bring thee back is vain :  
And, as I'd hide, from all, my woe,  
Oh ! let us never meet again !

I'll shun thee in the festive hall,  
Where joyous forms around are seen,  
Lest I might weep to think of all  
Those scenes where we've together  
been !

I'll shun thee where the tide of song  
Comes o'er my ear with well-known  
strain :

*Thy* tones would on my mem'ry throng.  
So let us never meet again !

No more my favourite bard I'll read,  
For *thou* hast marked each well-known page :

'Tis cold forgetfulness I need ;  
Nought else my sorrow could assuage.

I cannot seek my pencil's aid,  
'Twould sadly call forth mem'ry's train ;  
With *thee* I've sketched each hill and glade,  
Where we shall never meet again !

And e'en my pen is faithless now ;  
To seek new themes 'twill not be taught :—

It still would keep my early vow  
To write to *thee* my inmost thought.

But I will ne'er address thee more !

My proud and wounded heart  
'twould pain,

If thou shouldst now my grief deplore  
Oh ! may we never meet again !

## NOON.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

HERE, where the elder's bough, with  
snow-white flowers,  
O'erhangs the dewybank, and slowly  
creep  
The reed-entangled waters, brown  
and deep,  
From slumbrous stay beneath the forest  
bowers,  
Sit we awhile; and let the sultry hours  
Steal on unmarked. With time and  
scene like this,  
Song would be luxury, and music  
bliss,  
And poesy thrice armed with melting  
powers.  
By such a shore, methinks, and such a  
stream,  
Drank ecstacy that bard of olden  
time,  
When crowding came upon his noon-  
tide dream,  
Satyr, and knight, and sage with  
muttered rhyme,

And Talus, and that shield with sun-  
bright beam,  
And She, with ebon lance and crest  
sublime.

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## THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE joy-bells are ringing—oh! come  
to the church:  
We shall see the bride pass, if we stand  
in the porch.  
The bridegroom is wealthy: how  
brightly arrayed  
Are the menials who wait on the gay  
cavalcade;  
The steeds with the chariots prancing  
along,  
And the peasants advancing with mu-  
sic and song

Now comes the procession: the bride-  
maids are there,  
With white robes, and ribbons, and  
wreaths in their hair.

Yon feeble old knight the bride's father  
must be,  
And now, walking proudly, her mother  
we see ;  
A pale girl in tears slowly moves by  
her side :  
But where is the bridegroom, and  
where is the bride ?

They kneel round the altar—the organ  
has ceased,  
The hands of the lovers are joined by  
the priest ;  
That bond ! which death only can sever  
again !  
Which proves ever after life's blessing  
or bane !  
A bridal like *this* is a sorrowful sight :  
See ! the pale girl is bride to the feeble  
old knight.

Her hand on her husband's arm pas-  
sively lies,  
And closely she draws her rich veil  
o'er her eyes.  
Her friends throng around her with  
accents of love :  
She speaks not—her pale lips inaudи-  
bly move.

Her equipage waits—she is placed by  
the side  
Of her aged companion—a sorrowing  
bride!

Again the bells ring, and the moment  
is come  
For the young heart's worst trial, the  
last look of home!  
They pass from the village—how  
eagerly still  
She turns and looks back from the  
brow of the hill!  
She sees the white cottage—the gar-  
den she made—  
And she thinks of her lover, aban-  
doned—betrayed!

But who, with arms folded, hath lin-  
gered so long  
To watch the procession, apart from  
the throng?  
'Tis he! the forsaken! The false one  
is gone—  
*He* turns to his desolate dwelling alone;  
But happier *there*, than the doom that  
awaits  
The bride who must smile on a being  
she hates!

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

Suggested by an Engraving from Salvator Rosa.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

**H**E kneels amid the brutish herd,  
But not in dumb despair ;  
For passion's holiest depths are stirred,  
And grief finds vent in prayer.

Not abject, though in wretchedness ;  
For faith and hope supply,  
In this dread hour of deep distress,  
Their feelings pure and high.

While thus a suppliant he kneels,  
“ Cast down, but not destroyed,”  
A sweeter bliss his sorrow feels  
Than riot e'er enjoyed.

“ I will arise,” his looks declare,  
“ And seek my father’s face :  
His servants still have bread to spare ;  
Be mine a servant’s place.”

And soon each penitential hope  
For him shall be fulfilled ;

For him his father's arms shall ope,  
The fatted calf be killed.

O Penitence! how strong thy spell,  
O'er hearts by anguish riven!  
Victorious over death and hell,  
Of mercy's power it loves to tell,  
And whispers, for despair's stern knell,  
"Repent! and be forgiven!"

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## WITH CHRIST.

BY RICHARD HOWITT, ESQ.

THERE is such life in all his words,  
As o'er from page to page we turn,  
Such truth, such eloquence, and power,  
Our hearts within us burn.  
It cannot be the time is gone,  
We cannot think the æra past,  
Nor deem that in another clime  
And age our lot is cast.

As on we move from field to field,  
From village unto village on,  
He, with the following multitude,  
Seem thence before us gone.

We press to see whom thousands seek,  
We hear the glowing words they  
hear,  
Knowledge as boundless as the skies,  
And wisdom's language clear.

Him, when alone, we find alone,  
Left in the desert place,  
Whence his pervading eye and mind  
Speed through all time and space.  
But how can *He* apart be left,  
Whom from man's haunts a space  
we find,  
Who, in his comprehensive heart,  
Clasps all of human kind !

“ Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
We see him when he deigned to ride,  
By an immeasurable stream  
Of people deified.”  
We think upon the health, the strength,  
The light, the life he gave ;  
We see him conquering the wind,  
And walking on the wave.

And in the dread and trying hour  
When shameful death was near,  
When the two spirits of the earth  
Were agony and fear ;—

When night came down upon the day,  
And death, as from a throne,  
Seemed, for a little space, to rule  
The universe alone.

We see him bursting from the tomb  
Whom mortals thought to slay,  
Superior to the common bands  
Which fetter lifeless clay.  
And in the sad, yet glorious time,  
Followed by mournful eyes,  
We see him till we see him not,  
Ascending through the skies.

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## THE DROP AND THE RIVER.

From Pignotti.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

NURTURED upon Aurora's breast,  
A little lucid drop was seen  
(From its soft, dewy seat displaced),  
Descending through the blue serene.

On wanton Zephyr's wing upborne  
Gently it floated in mid air,

And from its glittering orb threw back  
The dawn's young beams, that quivered there;

In slow and quiet circles, still  
Hovering and lingering—Ah! in vain;

For now, on peril's brink, it hung  
O'er the broad bosom of the main.

There, as it heard the thunders roar,  
And saw the angry billows swell,  
Saw it must quickly be ingulfed  
Within that dark receptacle;

In terror's anguished tone it cried—  
“What destiny, alas! is mine,  
Being at once and name to lose,  
Whelmed in this black and bitter brine!

“A tiny liquid atom I,  
To the keen-sighted glance scarce known—  
Ah! what must be my hapless fate,  
'Midst Ocean's boiling surges thrown?

“Ye gentle daughters of the Morn,  
Sweet breezes that in ether play,

Oh! bear me on your buoyant wings!

Oh! snatch me from that fate away!

“Dread father Phœbus, lord of light!

Bid thy all-potent fires prevail,

That so, expanded and diffused,

This frame in vapour may exhale.”

Fruitless, alas! were all those prayers,

To an unhearing power addrest!

Near and more near, it trembles now

On that blue surge’s foam-tipt crest.

But lo! where down yon mountain’s  
side,

In all his gathered force amain

Hurrying, a headlong River sweeps,

With wreck and ruin in his train.

With harsh and hollow-sounding roar,

He flashes on from steep to steep:

Couched on their far-off flinty bed,

The startled shepherds bound from  
sleep:

Then rushing o’er the fertile plain,

He spreads his furious flood so wide

That scarce the forest’s topmost boughs

Appear above the tossing tide.

And whirled in many an eddying maze,  
 Upon the torrent rough and strong,  
 Oaks, their vast roots in air, are seen,  
 With herds and herdsmen, rolled  
 along.

In all its bright and broad expanse  
 Revealed, he views the placid Sea ;  
 And deems himself to its stern might  
 Equal, if not superior he !

“ Is this”—the haughty blusterer thus  
 Questions, in accents of disdain—  
 “ This, what I still have heard pro-  
 claimed,  
 ‘Th’ immense, interminable Main ?

“ Let me but meet the swelling foe,  
 And soon, in my victorious wave,  
 Thetis and Ocean’s self shall find,  
 With all their train, a common grave.”

Then—so to quell th’ advancing tide  
 With energies concentrated—  
 He bids his closing billows flow  
 Within a narrower, deeper bed.

Trembles each bank beneath the shock,  
 As forth the mingling currents pour

Their frantic force ; and, blanched with  
foam,  
Speed onward to th' opposing shore.

And thus to war implacable,  
With tongue of taunt, and heart of  
pride,  
Are Neptune and his subject gods  
And all their briny realms, defied.

But now, from far, slow-moving on,  
The stately Main in tranquil flow,  
Resistless combatant ! invades  
The confines of the vaunting foe.

Marking th' unruffled dignity  
(At distance seen) of Ocean's waves,  
His headlong course the River plies,  
And with augmented fury raves.

Ard now they meet, and now they clash,  
Flood fierce encountering hostile  
flood ;  
While trickling showers of silvery  
spray  
Attest the agonizing feud.

Hemmed in the narrow pass, Sir Stream  
Tosses, and fain would hurry on :

And wheels in many a circling whirl,  
And utters many a wailing groan.

Wrenched from its nether depths, the sand  
In turbid jets around, above  
Is hurled—the banks the crash repeat—  
While Ocean scarce is seen to move.

No tempest blackens at his beck,  
No storm he summons to his aid;  
But far and wide his azure back  
In smooth serenity is spread.

And thus, like vilest things unfelt,  
In still and silent majesty,  
Without an effort, he subdues  
His struggling, sinking enemy;

Who now, with severed, broken force,  
His vigour spent, his vapouring gone,  
In the vast bitter gulfimmerged  
Steals to his fate unseen, unknown.

Forgotten thus the braggart Brook,  
And lost in Ocean's yawning tomb,  
Of the poor solitary Drop,  
Ah! what shall be the wretched doom?

It falls—but on the very verge  
 Of mingling with the boundless  
 main,

A shell within its silver breast  
 Receives the shrinking denizen;

And by its vivifying juice  
 Pervades and quickens what it  
 shrines,

Till, in its bright recess, a pearl  
 Of purest ray serenely shines—

A pearl, which after many a turn  
 Of splendid change, with lucid beam  
 Glitters, exalted, in the front  
 Of Asia's proudest diadem.

And still in meek and modest guise  
 Throned (timid gem!) on regal brow,  
 With servile homage in the dust  
 Sees haughtiest satraps prostrate  
 bow.

---

*Instructed by these different fates,  
 Let lowly, lofty natures know  
 What blessings from humility,  
 From arrogance what mischiefs flow*

## THE FAREWELL OF COLONNA.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Italian wars had exiled a considerable number of distinguished men from their respective homes. Among the rest was Stephano Colonna, of the illustrious Roman family of the name. He was charged with the singular offence of laying a spell on Leonore, a daughter of one of the princes of the house of D'Este, which deprived her of the power of sleep. The princess had for some time "outwatched the stars," and written various MSS. which she scattered and tore, and had completed the evidence of her being in the hands of witchcraft, by refusing to share the throne of Naples. The spell might more easily have been accounted for by the grace, wit, and passion of Stephano Colonna, one of the handsomest cavaliers of the land of romance. It is not improbable, too, that he had, according to the habit of his age, actually made some use of the supposed powers of the magician, or seer, Fabricio, who committed such havoc in cabinets and alcoves with the heads of statesmen and hearts of ladies, towards the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. On Colonna, when he was arrested, was certainly found an amulet of the Bezoar, which he confessed to be a talisman, purchased at a high price from a Moor; with a paper of mystic characters, for which he acknowledged that he was waiting the interpretation by a spirit who obeyed the enchanter. However, he declared himself perfectly innocent of any attempt to exert those singular powers on the princess. The

influence of his family saved him from the fate of a dealer with the evil one. But he was compelled to quit Italy for ever. This to him was worse than death. But the law was not merciful enough to grant his wish; and in despair he took service in the first expedition under Columbus. It should be stated for the gratification of those who think that faithful love ought always to be fortunate love, that Stephano returned to Europe with all his misfortunes turned into fame, by the discovery of the new world; that he found his princess faithful, and that Colonna and his fair bride became the theme of Italy, for love, prosperity, and an illustrious offspring.

THE sea, the bright and breezy sea!  
The ships are bounding on its wave:  
Yet what are all its pomps to me?  
The exile sees it but his grave.

The shore, the green and lovely shore!  
I see the crowding lance and plume;  
To me the trumpet thrills no more,  
The banner droops, the world is gloom.

A shadow sits upon my youth,  
A fever feeds upon my frame;  
Life, what art thou?—one great un-truth;  
Love, what art thou?—one bitter name.

The sun is sinking in the sky,  
 The dew is glittering on the flower;  
 So sank he, when *one* form was nigh  
 That made the world an angel bower.

Dreams of the spirit! where, oh where,  
 Ye thoughts of beauty, are ye now?  
 What hand has planted dark despair  
 In this proud heart, and lofty brow?

*It is* the hour. I hear the tone  
 That from those lips of roses stole.  
 I see the diamond eyes that shone  
 With kindred music to the soul.

Come forth, thou wondrous talisman,  
 Wrought when the stars were veiled  
     in gloom,  
 When stooped to earth the crescent wan,  
     When earth was but a wider tomb:

When, through the vapours thick and  
     damp,  
 That filled the old enchanter's cell,  
 Flashed on thy form the mystic lamp:  
     Come forth, thou angel of the spell!

If throned upon yon golden cloud,  
     Or floating on yon glassy wave,

Or rushing on the mountain flood,  
Or sporting in the forest cave;

Bright spirit of the talisman—  
Come! by thy master's mighty name!  
I hear thy wing the breezes fan,  
I see thy glance of starry flame.

We fly; the world is left behind;  
Bright spirit, still I speed with thee.  
What new-born fragrance loads the wind,  
What new-born splendour gilds the sea!

Now on me burst new earth, new skies;  
From sunny hill to sylvan shore  
Is all one sheet of glorious dyes,  
Of purple bloom, of sparkling ore.

Far as the dazzled eye can glance,  
Spreads the broad land one glorious bower,  
Where never shook the gory lance,  
Where never frowned the dungeon-tower.

There, in the myrtle-shaded grot,  
Might life be silent as the stream

That slumbers through its crystal vault,  
A dream, and love be all the dream.

Beneath the forest's dew-dropt spray,  
A king, the grassy turf my throne,  
Might fond existence melt away,  
Till the long, lonely dream were  
done.

Again the talisman is dark,  
Night and the world are come again:  
I hear the trump, I see the bark,  
Around lie agony and Spain.

No, the high prize shall yet be won!  
Then what to me is sea or shore,—  
The eastern or the western sun?  
Thou shalt be mine, sweet Leonore

MEMOR.

## THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

(Beggar Girl.)

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,  
 A little child had you ;  
 Its limbs were light, its voice was soft,  
 Its eyes were—oh, so blue !  
 It was your last, your dearest,  
 And you said, when it was born,  
 It cheered away your widowhood,  
 And made you unforlorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
 You loved that little child,  
 Al'hoogh its temper wayward was,  
 And its will so strong and wild ;  
 You likened it to the free bird,  
 That flies to the woods to sing  
 To the river fair, the unfeitered air,  
 And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
 The world was in its youth :  
 There was no past ; and the all to come  
 Was Hope, and Love, and Truth.  
 The dawn came dancing onwards,  
 The day was ne'er too long,

And every night had a fairy sight,  
 And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
 Your child was an infant small,  
 But she grew, and budded, and  
 bloomed at last,  
 Like the rose on your garden wall.  
 Ah, the rose that you loved was trod  
 on,—  
 Your child was lost in shame,  
 And never since hath she met your  
 smile,  
 And never heard your name!

(*Widow.*)

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer,  
 What is my child to thee?  
 What are my troubles—what my joys?  
 Here, take these pence, and flee!  
 If thou *wilt* frame a story  
 Which speaks of me or mine,  
 Go say you found me singing, girl,  
 In the merry sun-shine.

(*Beggar Girl.*)

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
 The sun shone on your wall:

He shineth now through the winter's  
mist,  
Or he shineth not at all.  
You laughed *then*, and your little one  
Ran round with merry feet :  
To-day you hide your eyes in tears  
And *I*—am in the street!

(Widow.)

Ah, God!—what frightful spasm  
Runs piercing through my heart!  
It cannot be my bright one,  
So pale—so worn ;—Depart!  
Depart—yet no, come hither!  
Here! hide thee in my breast.  
I see thee again,—*again*!—and I  
Am once more with the blessed.

(Beggar Girl.)

Ay,—gaze!—'Tis I, indeed, mother,  
Your loved,—your lost,—your *child*!  
The rest o' the bad world scorn me,  
As a creature all defiled :  
But *you*—you'll take me home, mother?  
And I—(tho' the grave seems nigh,)  
I'll bear up still ; and for *your* sake,  
I'll struggle—not to die!

B.C.

## THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned. Within a curtained room,  
 Filled, to faintness, with perfume,  
 A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light:  
 But for the lady, fair and bright,  
*She* rested in undreaming night!

Springs came. The lady's grave was green;  
 And, near it, oftentimes was seen  
 A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,  
 And struggled in the world's rough race,  
 And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died!—Behold, before ye,  
 Humanity's poor sum and story;—  
 Life,—Death,—and (all that is of)  
 Glory. B. C

## ON THE TOMB OF ABELARD AND ELOISA.

O'ER this pale stone let Love and  
Beauty weep,  
For here the wrecks of mighty passion  
sleep.  
Here, where no jealous pang, no tyrant  
hand,  
Can break, O Love, thy sweet and bit-  
ter band,  
Lies Abelard's by Eloisa's heart ;  
One to the last, not even in death to  
part !  
Here, where the wounded spirit bleeds  
no more,  
Their pilgrimage of life and love is o'er.

## THE EUTHANASIA.

WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

"Vanity of vanities."—*Solomon.*

WHAT art thou, Life? The saint and sage

Hath left it written on this page,  
That thou art nothing—dust, a breath,  
A bubble broke by chance or death;  
A sun-ray on a rushing stream,  
A thought, a vanity, a dream.

And truly hath he told the tale:  
Bear witness cell, and cloister pale,  
Where loveliness, and wealth, and birth,

Have sunk from sights and sounds of earth,

And chilled the heart, and veiled the eye,

And, daily dying, learned to die.

Yet, Life, thou'rt given for mighty things;

plume the infant angel's wings;

To bid our waywardness of heart,  
Like Mary, choose the better part ;  
To watch, and weep our guilt away,  
"To-day, while yet 'tis called to-day."

If trials come, Eternal God !  
By thee the vale of thorns was trod.  
If death be nigh, shall man repine  
To bear the pangs that once were thine ?  
To bleed where once thy heart was  
riven,  
And follow from the Cross to Heaven !

*Away.*

---

## THE LONELY HEART.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

THEY tell me I am happy—and  
I try to think it true ;  
They say I have no cause to weep,  
My sorrows are so few ;  
That in the wilderness we tread,  
Mine is a favoured lot ;  
My petty griefs all fantasies,  
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so ; the cup of life  
 Has many a bitter draught,  
 Which those who drink with silent lips  
     Have smiled on while they quaffed  
 It may be so ; I cannot tell  
     What others have to bear,  
 But sorry should I be to give  
     Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board  
     I go a smiling guest,  
 Their laughter and their revelry  
     Are torture to my breast ;  
 They call for music, and there comes  
     Some old familiar strain ;  
 I dash away the starting tear,  
     Then turn—and smile again

But oh ! my heart is wandering  
     Back to my father's home,  
 Back to my sisters at their play,  
     The meadows in their bloom,  
 The blackbird on the scented thorn,  
     The murmuring of the stream,  
 The sounds upon the evening breeze,  
     Like voices in a dream ;

The watchful eyes that never more  
     Shall gaze upon my brow,

The smiles—Oh! cease that melody,  
I cannot bear it now!  
And heed not when the stranger sighs,  
Nor mark the tears that start,  
There can be no companionship  
For loneliness of heart!

---

## OUR OWN FIRE-SIDE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

OUR fire-side's easy chair—  
Is there any place beside  
Where such pleasant cheer we share?  
Where the hours so gently glide?  
Though but humble be the fare  
That Want's daily toils provide,  
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare  
With the joy that sparkles there,  
By our own fire-side.

Would you meet with genuine Mirth  
Where she comes a willing guest?  
'Tis the quiet social hearth,  
Well I wot, she loveth best;  
Where the little ones, at play,  
Prattle by their mother's side,

And the elder, mildly gay,  
Laugh and sing the hours away  
By their own fire-side.

An honest man, though poor,  
Yet may feel an honest pride,  
While he tells his troubles o'er  
Where his heart hath nought to hide.  
He who falls from high estate  
No great grievance hath to bide,  
If he calmly meets his fate,  
Where Content and Quiet wait  
By the rustic fire-side.

They who love us till we die,  
Who through troubles have been  
tried,  
Who will watch the closing eye  
When all grows cold beside—  
Where shall friends like these be found,  
Search we earth and ocean wide?  
Where, on all this weary round,  
Save that hallowed spot of ground  
Called our own fire-side?

In my chimney's cozy nook  
Thus I chant my rustic lay,  
'Neath the rafters, brown with smoke  
Curling up for many a day.

Wealth may boast his splendid hall,  
Pomp and luxury and pride,  
Sculptured roof and pictured wall—  
There's no *comfort* in them all  
Like my own fire-side.

---

## STANZAS TO —.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

I AM not gay when *thou* art here ;  
My trembling heart hath joy too deep;  
A feeling strange, half bliss, half fear,  
So moves my soul, I fain would weep.

With earnest gaze I read thy face—  
As eastern Magi searched the sky,  
And sought its starry depths to trace  
For promise of their destiny.

I ask thine eyes, thy lip, thy brow,  
If type of change is written there;  
If what looks pure and noble now  
Shall bring my trusting heart despair

Vain fears, away !—still, still I'll cling  
With strong undoubting faith to thee

My hopes, my joys, my sorrows bring  
To thy fond bosom's sanctuary !

---

### SONG....UP, MARY, LOVE !

Up, Mary, love, up !—for the breeze is awake,  
And the mists are retiring in wreaths from the lake :  
At the lark's early melody, joyous and shrill,  
Leaps the stag from his lair, and the goat on the hill.

Our boats are all ready, their streamers displayed,  
And the boatmen's blithe carol is heard in the glade ;  
Our friends are assembled—the gallant, the kind :  
But the fairest and dearest still lingers behind.

In yon copse-waving isle, ere the closing of eve,  
Fair cheeks will be glowing, young hearts will believe , .

For a spirit of love and delight is abroad,  
And sheds its sweet magic o'er moun-  
tain and flood.

"Tis sweet o'er the waters the bugle to  
hear,  
With the oar's mingled dash falling  
saint on the ear ;  
To view, far beneath us, the glittering  
throng,  
And catch the wild sounds of the dance  
and the song.

But sweeter by far from the revel to  
stray,  
To cheat the mad whirl of the thought-  
less and gay ;  
By the lake's lonely margin our vows  
to repeat,  
And forget all besides in our blissful  
retreat.

And sweeter than all, in the slumbers  
of night  
To recall in soft visions those hours of  
delight.—  
Such joys, and ten thousand besides,  
wouldst thou prove,  
Rise—join us—and bless us, oh Mary,  
my love !

J. F. W. H.

**BE HEAVEN MY STAY.****BY JOHN RAMSAY.**

IN all the changes here below  
Of transient weal or trying woe  
It may be given my soul to know,—  
    Be Heaven my stay.

When the faint heart would fail for fear,  
No human eye to pity near,  
No hand to wipe the bitter tear,—  
    Be Heaven my stay.

When I must bear the worldling's scorn,  
Derided for my lot forlorn,  
E'en of itself but hardly borne,—  
    Be Heaven my stay.

When of the friends whom once I knew,  
Around me I can find but few,  
And doubts arise if *these* be true,—  
    Be Heaven my stay.

When days of health and youth are  
    flown,  
My path with faded roses strown,

And *thorns* are all I find my own,—  
Be Heaven my stay.

When full of tossings on my bed,  
I cannot rest my weary head,  
Scared with dim visions of the dead,—  
Be Heaven my stay.

When sorely chastened for my sins,  
And pleasure ends while grief begins,  
And agony no guerdon wins,—  
Be Heaven my stay.

When all in vain I strive to brave  
The gloom of Jordan's swelling wave.  
And hand of mortal cannot save,—  
Be Heaven my stay.

When prayer no longer will prevail,  
When praise sinks to a trembling wail,  
When faith itself begins to fail,—  
Be Heaven my stay!

*Aberdeen.*

## MADEIRA.

BY L. E. L.

ON the deep and quiet sea  
 The day was fast declining;  
 In the far empurpled sky  
 A few bright stars were shining.

And the moon looked through the clouds  
 Which round her path were sweep-  
 ing,  
 Like some lone and gentle one  
 Who Love's vigil late is keeping.

Anchored off that beauteous coast,  
 A noble ship is lying,  
 While above her stately mast  
 Are English colours flying.

For the shore is now in sight,  
 And the perfume of its flowers,  
 And the odour of its vines,  
 Make sweet the twilight hours.

There is a silence in that ship  
 Each step is softly taken,

As around some dear one's bed,  
Whose sleep they feared to waken.

But it is not sleep, now rocked  
By the heaving of the billow ;  
But a darker slumber flits  
Around a weary pillow.

They have brought her from the land  
Where her parents' ashes slumber ;  
They have brought her to the south,  
But her days have told their number.

Though the vault that bears her name  
Will not open for another,  
And she is the only child  
That sleeps not by her mother ;

Yet the loveliest and the last  
Of that ancient line is failing ;  
Like those evanescent hues  
In the shadowy west now paling.

She is laid upon the deck,  
For the cool land breeze is blowing ;  
But the last faint warmth of life  
Fast from her cheek is going.

And her loosened long black hair  
Is sweeping darkly round her,  
As if it were the solemn pall  
That already bound her.

But the sweet pale mouth was calm,  
And the eyes were meekly closing :  
And upon the marble cheek  
Was the silken lash reposing ;—

Softly as a little child  
Sleeps on its mother's bosom,  
Sweetly as a tender flower  
Closes its languid blossom.

There were eyes unused to weep,  
Around her dim with weeping ;  
Yet death seemed not for tears,  
'Twas so like sweetest sleeping.

Not beneath the deep sea waves,  
Vexed with perpetual motion,  
Neither in the sparry caves  
Of the tumultuous ocean,

Did that youthful maiden rest—  
She had more fit entombing  
In that balmy southern isle,  
With its summer's sunny blooming.

There the moon will shed her light,  
There the watching stars burn  
clearer;  
For never yet did earth enshrine  
One fairer or one dearer.

---

## LOVE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

OH! Love!—true Love!—what alters  
thee? Not all  
The changes that flit o'er the heart  
of man?  
Thou art the fruit that ripens—not to  
fall  
The flower that lives beyond the  
summer's span;  
The clinging plant that props the  
crumbling wall—  
The vestal fire, which braves the  
winter's ban:  
Nor is extinguished by the sleet or  
snow  
Of human cruelty, and crime, and woe!

Thou art the shadow of the heart, that  
tends

Our footsteps through bright sun-  
shine or black shade ;  
Cold chills thee not—indifference but  
amends—

Want cannot kill thee, suffering not  
dissuade ;

Thou art Life's food, the morsel Mercy  
lends

To nourish, when all other banquets  
fade :

Yea ! all conspires this maxim's truth  
to prove—

*Life is not where we live, but where we  
love !*

With me love is a vision of the mind,  
A dream that dazzles when I do not  
sleep ;

A phantom, faintly seen and undefined ;  
An opiate, giving thoughts ecstatic,  
deep,

A holy spirit, in a tomb esnhrined,  
O'er which humanity doth wail and  
weep :

For purest love hath ever on its wings  
A blend of earthly and unearthly  
things !

## SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

**FRIEND**, whose smile had ever power  
 From its chains my soul to free,  
 Making all a summer bower  
 What were desert, save for thee,  
 By the love I kept so long  
 All unchanged through scorn and  
 wrong,  
 For thee alone—  
 Grieve not thou for days of yore  
 And remember me no more  
 When I am gone.

Thou wilt weep, I know, to see  
 Yonder picture on the wall;  
 Yonder dulcimer to thee  
 Often will my song recall:  
 Hide them both in some dark cell,  
 Whence may come no saddening spell  
 Of glance or tone  
 Fading memories to restore:  
 O remember me no more  
 When I am gone.

## THE SNOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

THE silvery Snow!—the silvery Snow!  
 Like a glory it falls on the fields below;  
 And the trees with their diamond  
     branches appear  
 Like the fairy growth of some magical  
     sphere;  
 While soft as music, and wild as white,  
 It glitters and floats in the pale moon-  
     light,  
 And spangles the river and fount as  
     they flow;  
 Oh! who has not loved the bright, beau-  
     tiful snow!

The silvery snow, and the crinkling  
     frost—  
 How merry we go when the Earth  
     seems lost;  
 Like spirits that rise from the dust of  
     Time,  
 To live in a purer and holier clime!  
 A new creation without a stain—  
 Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain

But, ah! like the many fair hopes of  
our years,  
It glitters awhile—and then melts into  
tears.

---

## THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

SHE felt—in many a patient tear,  
And yearning hope, and anxious fear,  
And tinge of matron shame, that lies  
On the frail cheek and languid eyes—  
Through all its change of silent woe,  
The curse of Eve—a mother's throe!  
Then died—without one hour to share  
The hard-earned due of woman's race,  
The outstretched hand, the voiceless  
prayer,  
The infant's weak, but dear embrace!  
Oh! if there be a care below,  
One human thought, uncharged with  
sin,  
'Tis the self-yielding, pious glow  
With which a mother's toils begin!

The Patriarch stood beside her bed,  
And love's unwearied vigil kept,  
Till love was watching o'er the dead—  
Then bowed his stricken head, and  
wept!

He placed the leafy chaplet o'er  
Her breast; and touched, with painful  
kiss,  
The clammy lips that sprang no more  
With dewy warmth to welcome his.

They raised a pillar o'er her grave,  
A simple mass of naked stone,  
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,  
E'er haughty sculpture yet was known  
There oft the fiery Gentile trod,  
But did not crush the flowery sod;  
And childhood, as it wandered near,  
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,  
And checked its noisy sport awhile,  
To whisper by the mossy pile!

## MEMORY.

## INSCRIPTION ON AN URN.

From the French.

Of all the early hours I knew,  
Hours that so sweetly, swiftly flew,  
Why does one only thing remain  
To turn the lovely past to pain—  
"Tis Memory !

When all my hopes, like dreams,  
passed by,  
Why didst not thou too, Memory, fly—  
Fly from my heart, nor thus remain  
To turn hope, heart, and life to pain,  
Oh Memory !

## INVOCATION TO DREAMS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Written in early Youth.

THE clouds of night, the wings of sleep,  
 Are brooding now o'er hill and heath;  
 Too startling for the silence deep,  
 Were music's faintest breath.  
 Descend, ye visions, from aërial bowers  
 To glorify your own soft silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,  
 The weary day for man hath passed;  
 Now, dreams of bliss, be yours to reign,  
 Now let your spells be cast!  
 Steal from lone hearts the pang, sad  
     eyes the tear,  
 And lift the veil that hides a brighter  
     sphere.

Oh! bear your kindliest balm to those  
 Who fondly, vainly, mourn the ~~dead~~;  
 To them that world of peace ~~disolve~~,  
     Where the pure soul is fled

Where love, immortal in his native  
clime,  
Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight  
from time.

Haste ! to his loved, his distant land,  
On your light wings the exile bear ;  
To feel once more his heart expand  
In his own mountain air—  
Hear the wild echo's well known  
strains repeat,  
And bless each note as Heaven's own  
music sweet.

But oh ! with fancy's brightest ray,  
Kind dreams ! the bard's repose il-  
lume ;  
Bid forms of heaven around him play,  
And bowers of Eden bloom.  
He needs those glimpses of his native  
skies,  
To light him on through life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,  
Through folded leaves no murmurs  
creep ;  
Nor star nor moonbeam's dewy light,  
Falls on the brow of sleep.

Descend, oh visions ! from aërial  
bowers,  
Dim, silent, solemn, are your chosen  
hours.

---

## THE NAUTILUS.

BY MARY HOWETT.

LIKE an ocean breeze afloat,  
In a little pearly boat,  
Pearl within and round about,  
And a silken streamer out,  
Over the sea, over the sea,  
Merrily, merrily, saileth he !

Not for battle, not for self,  
But to pleasure his own self,  
Sails he on for many a league,  
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue :  
Past many a rock, past many a shore,  
Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar.  
Oh ! the joy of sailing thus—  
Like a brave old Nautilus.

Much he knows, the northern whaler  
More the Great Pacific sailor ;

And Phœnicians, old and grey,  
In old times knew more than they ;  
But, oh ! daring voyager small,  
More thou knowest than they all !

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze  
On the new-created seas :  
Thou wast with the dragon broods  
In the old sea solitudes,  
Sailing in the new-made light  
With the curled up Ammonite !  
Thou survived the awful shock  
That turned the ocean-bed to rock,\*  
And changed its myriad living swarms  
To the marble's veined forms—  
Fossil scrolls that tell of change.

Thou wast there !—thy little boat,  
Airy voyager, kept afloat  
O'er the waters wild and dismal,  
O'er the yawning gulfs abyssmal ;  
Amid wreck and overturning—  
Rock imbedding, heaving, burning !  
'Mid the tumult and the stir,  
Thou, most ancient mariner,

\* The little Nautilus is found imbedded with the fossil remains of those sea-crocodiles, and dragon-like creatures which have ceased to exist.

In that pearly boat of thine,  
Sat'st upon the troubled brine !

Then thou saw the settling ocean  
Calm from its dark commotion ;  
And, less mighty than the first,  
Forth a new creation burst !—

Saw each crested billow rise  
With ten thousand forms of life ;  
Saw the budding sea-weed grow  
In the tranquil deeps below,  
And within the ocean-mines  
Hourly, branching corallines.

Thou didst know the sea, ere man  
His first voyage had began ;  
All the world hadst sailed about,  
Ere America was found out—  
Ere Ulysses and his men  
Came to Ithaca again.  
Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,  
Brave old voyager, merrily,  
While within the forest grew  
The tree that was the first canoe.  
Daring circumnavigator,  
Would thou wert thine own narrat-

## THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

I KNEW a little cottage maid,  
An orphan from her birth ;  
And yet she might be truly called  
The happiest child on earth.

As guileless as the gentle lambs  
That fed beneath her care,  
Her mind was like a summer stream,  
Unruffled, pure, and fair.

'Midst all the hardships of her lot,  
Her looks were calm and meek ;  
And cheerfully the rose of health  
Was blooming on her cheek.

The merry sports which childhood  
loves,  
To her were never known ;  
Yet Ellen, in her lonely hours,  
Had pleasures of her own.

She loved her peaceful flock to lead  
To some sweet wooded hill,

That overhung the flowery plain  
And softly-gliding rill:

And, couched amidst the blossomed  
heath,  
From that delightful spot,  
To mark the distant village spire,  
And many a well-known cot:

Whence watched she oft the curling  
smoke  
In misty wreaths ascend,  
And, on the blue horizon's verge,  
With loftier vapours blend.

She heard a music in the sigh  
Of streams and wavering trees,  
And sang her artless songs of joy  
To every passing breeze.

She made acquaintance with the birds  
That gayly fluttered nigh;  
And e'en the lowly insect tribes  
Were precious in her eye.

She saw a glory in each cloud,  
A moral in each flower;  
That all to her young heart proclaimed  
Their great Creator's power.

Nor looked the little maid in vain  
Some kindly glance to meet—  
One lowly friend was ever near,  
Reposing at her feet :—

A friend whose fond and generous love  
Misfortune ne'er estranged ;  
In sunshine and in storm the same  
Through weal and woe unchanged.

The dreary heath, or barren moor,  
Or park, or pasture fair,  
Are all alike to faithful Tray,  
If Ellen is but there.

His joys are centred all in her ;  
His world 's the lonely wild,  
Where he attends, the livelong day,  
That solitary child.

## THE FESTA OF MADONNA DEI FIORI.

BY L. E. L.

THEY gathered in that holy place,  
A young and lovely band,  
With banners wrought with sacred  
signs,  
And flowers in each hand.

It was a summer festival  
Worthy a summer sky,  
That brought the fragrant and the  
fair  
Upon that shrine to die.

Many a little foot had been  
Amid the early dew,  
While fresh the odour to each leaf,  
Fresh colour to each hue.

And many a little brow had watched  
For weeks some favourite flower,  
Proud and impatient of its growth  
For this auspicious hour.

And many a little heart had linked  
Its deepest, dearest prayer,  
And the fulfilment of its hope  
With the sweet offerings there.

One bore a banner, where was wrought  
The Virgin and her Son—  
Her younger sister and herself  
The broidery begun.

But she who held the banner now  
Went on her way alone ;  
No sister shared the sacred task :—  
Her sister's task was done !

As yet the grass was scarcely grown  
Upon that bright young head ;  
As yet the tears were warm that fell  
Above the early dead.

Poor child ! how pale and sorrowful  
She takes her silent way !  
A prayer for the departed one  
Is on her lips to-day.

But foremost come two fairy ones  
With dark eyes filled with light,  
The very roses that they bear  
Can scarcely be more bright.

The youngest bears a single plant,  
One that herself has nursed ;  
A far exotic from the South,  
The fairest and the first.

And they have tender hopes and fears  
To claim the votive vow ;  
And parents, for whose precious sake  
Their prayers are ready now.

Blest be their lovely pilgrimage,  
Although they seek a shrine  
Hallowed by a believing faith  
Not unto us divine !

No banners in our humbler church  
Are waved, no flowers are strown ;  
The sacrifice we offer up  
Must in the heart be shown.

And that is much if truly given :  
Our vanity and pride,  
Our empty hopes, our fair deceits,  
Must there be all denied.

Those children, with an earnest faith  
Are offering early flowers ;  
Methinks their simple truth and love  
Might teach and strengthen ours.

THE DYING BOY TO THE  
SLOE-BLOSSOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN LAW  
RHYMES."

BEFORE thy leaves, thou com'st once  
more,

White blossom of the sloe !  
Thy leaves will come as heretofore ;  
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,  
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time  
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me ;  
For well thou knowest the frosty rime  
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,  
No more to be.

Why here in winter ? No storm lours  
O'er nature's silent shroud :  
But blithe larks meet the sunny  
showers,  
High o'er the doomed untimely  
flowers,  
In beauty bowed !

Sweet violets in the budding grove  
Peep where the glad waves run ;  
The wren below, the thrush above,  
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love,  
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,  
Hears bees chant hymns to God,  
The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er  
with gold,  
Smiles on the well, in summer cold,  
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,  
And flowers in winter blow,  
To tell me that the worm makes room  
For me, her brother, in the tomb,  
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn,  
Foretells an eve of tears—  
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn,  
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn  
In early years

Thy leaves will come !—but songful  
spring  
Will see no leaf of mine ; .

Her bells will ring, her bridemaids  
sing,  
When my young leaves are withering,  
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy  
breath,  
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!  
But thine before my time, O Death,  
I go where no flower blossometh,  
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn  
Vanish, and long ere noon  
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,  
So fair I bloomed : and was I born  
To die as soon?

To love my mother, and to die,  
To perish in my bloom,  
Is this my brief, sad history ?  
A tear dropped from a mother's eye  
Into the tomb!

He lived and loved will sorrow say ;  
By early sorrow tried ;  
He smiled, he sighed, he passed away  
His life was but an April day,—  
He loved and died !

My mother smiles—then turns away;  
But turns away to weep :  
They whisper round me,—what they  
say  
I need not hear ; for in the clay  
I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow ! sad it is  
To be both tried and true !  
I ever trembled in my bliss ;  
Now there are farewells in a kiss,—  
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when bluebells  
fade  
Where Don reflects the skies ;  
And many a youth in Shire cliffs' shade  
Will ramble where my boyhood played,  
Though Alfred dies !

Then panting woods the breeze will  
feel,  
And bowers, as heretofore,  
Beneath their load of roses reel ;  
But I through woodbined lanes shall  
steal  
No more, no more !

Well, lay me by my brother's side,  
Where late we stood and wept ;

For I was stricken when he died,—  
I felt the arrow as he sighed  
His last, and slept.

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## THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—*Wordsworth.*

Is there, when the winds are singing  
In the happy summer-time—  
When the raptured air is ringing  
With earth's music heaven-ward  
springing,  
Forest-chirp, and village-chime?—  
Is there, of the sounds that float  
Minglingly, a single note  
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,  
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted.  
Morn hath touched her golden strings;  
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,  
Life and light are reunited,  
Amid countless carollings:

Yet, delicious as they are,  
There's a sound that's sweeter far—  
One that makes the heart rejoice  
More than all,—the human voice !

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer,  
Though it be a stranger's tone ;  
Than the winds or waters dearer,  
More enchanting to the hearer,  
For it answereth his own.  
But of all its witching words,  
Sweeter than the songs of birds  
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild  
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers  
Haunted strains from rivulets,  
Hum of bees among the flowers,  
Rustling leaves, and silver showers—  
These, ere long, the ear forgets  
But in mine there is a sound  
Ringing on the whole year round ;  
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,  
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah ! 'twas heard by ear far purer,  
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—  
Ear of one whose love is surer ;

*Hers, the mother, the endurer  
Of the deepest share of pain ;  
Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure  
Memories of that cry of pleasure ;  
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,  
Echoes of that infant-laughter.*

*Yes ; a mother's large affection  
Hears with a mysterious sense :  
Breathings that evade detection,  
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,  
Thrill in her with power intense.  
Childhood's honied tones untaught  
Hiveth she, in loving thought ;  
Tenes that never thence depart,  
For she listens—with her heart !*

## A HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O THOU adored in heaven and earth,  
 A being divine of human birth ;  
 Son of the virgin, hear us, hear us ;  
 Son of the living God, be near us ;  
 Thou who art man in form and feature,  
 Yet God of glory, and God of nature ;  
 Thou who led'st the star of the east,  
 Yet hapless lay at a virgin's breast,  
 Slept in the manger, and cried on the  
 knee,  
 Yet rulest o'er time and eternity ;  
 Whose kind mediations never shall  
 cease,  
 Thou mighty God, thou Prince of  
 peace,  
 Pity thy creatures here kneeling in  
 dust,  
 Pity the beings in thee that trust.

Thou, who fedst the hungry with  
 bread,  
 And raised from the grave the moul-  
 -ding dead,

Who walked on the waves of the rolling  
main,  
Who cried to thy Father, and cried in  
vain ;  
Yet, wept for the woes and the sins of  
man,  
And prayed for him when thy life-blood  
ran ;  
With thy last breath thou cried'st FOR-  
GIVE,  
When dying by man that man might  
live ;  
O'er death and the grave thou hast  
victory won,  
And now art throned by the stars and  
the sun,  
For thy name's glory, hear us, hear us  
Son of the living God, be near us.

Oh, leave the abodes of glory and  
bliss,  
The realms of heavenly happiness ;  
Come swifter than the meteor of even,  
On the lightning's wing, in the chariot  
of heaven ;  
By the gates of light and the glowing  
sphere,  
Oh, come on thy errand of mercy  
here.

But, Lord of glory, we know not thee,  
We know not what we say ;  
We cannot from thy presence be,  
Nor from thine eye away :

For, though on the right hand of our God,  
Thou art here in this lonely drear abode.  
Beyond the moon and the starry way,  
Thou holdest thy Almighty sway,  
Where spirits in floods of light are swimming,  
And angels round the throne are hymning,  
Where waters of life are ever streaming,  
And crowns of glory are round thee beaming ;  
Yet present with all that call on thee  
In this world of woe and adversity.

Then, O thou Son of the virgin, hear us,  
God of love and of life, be near us ;  
Our stains wash out, our sins forgive,  
And before thee let our spirits live ;  
For thy dear faith be our bosoms steeled :  
Oh, be our help, our stay, our shield ;  
Show thy dread power for mercy's sake,  
For the souls of thy children are at stake.

Oh, save us! save us! blest Redeemer,  
From the power of the scorner and  
blasphemer;  
Oh, come as the floods of thy foes as-  
semble,  
That all may see, and fear, and tremble;  
Bow down thy heavens, and rend them  
asunder,  
And come in the cloud, in the flame, or  
the thunder,  
That heaven and earth may see and  
know  
How much they to a Virgin owe.

## THE SPIRITS' LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWIN," &amp;c.

OH, beauteous are the forms that stand  
 Beyond death's dusky wave,  
 And beckon to the spirits' land,  
 Across the narrow grave!

No damp is on the freed one's brow,  
 No dimness in his eye ;  
 The dews of heaven refresh him now,  
 The fount of light is nigh.

The parent souls that o'er our bed  
 Oft poured the midnight prayer,  
 Now wonder where their cares are  
 fled,  
 And calmly wait us there.

The dearer still—the close entwined  
 With bands of roseate hue :  
 We thought them fair ; but now we  
 find  
 'Twas but their shade we knew.

'Tis sweet, when o'er the earth unfurled

Spring's verdant banners wave,  
To think how fair yon upper world,  
Which knows no wintry grave.

'Tis sweet, when tempests earth deform,

And whirlwinds sweep the sky,  
To know a haven from the storm  
When worlds themselves must die;

To know that they in safety rest

The tranquil barks of those  
Who, soaring on life's billowy crest,  
Attained to heaven's repose;

To know that brethren fondly wait

Our mansion to prepare—  
That death but opes that mansion's gate,

And, lo ! our souls are there !

## GOING TO SERVICE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THE day was bright, the hour was noon,  
 'Twas laughing, lightsome, leafy June ;  
 The breath of flowers was on the breeze,  
 The birds were singing 'mid the trees,  
 The sun was warm on every glade,  
 The cattle rested in the shade,  
 And on the wind there swelled along  
 The chorus of the mowers' song.

At such a season of delight,  
 When all is beautiful and bright ;  
 When summer smiles on trees and streams,  
 How worse than dull the city seems !  
 And, oh, for one who long had dwelt  
 'Mid rural scenes, and who had felt  
 The simple joys the country yields,  
 How hard to quit her native fields !

Young Mary was the sweetest flower  
 That ever bloomed in rustic bower ;

As blithesome, graceful, glad, and gay,

As the wild bird upon the spray ;  
And like that bird when sickening  
With heavy eye and drooping wing,  
Within some network close and small,  
So looked she to the city's thrall.

Her mother, silent, wept apart,  
The grief was heavy at her heart ;  
Her father stood with downcast air,  
And whistled, to conceal his care ;  
Her little brother hushed his glee,  
And gazed around him stealthily ;  
While she, though sad enough the while,  
Controlled her tears and strove to smile.

The longest, last embrace was o'er,  
Her roof-tree sheltered her no more ;  
Yet still she paused a little while  
When she had passed the dearest stile,  
And looked, how lingeringly ! to see  
The home of her glad infancy,  
Nestling in quietude and peace  
Amid its patriarchal trees

Then turned she from that cherished  
spot—

How sad 'twould seem when she was  
not!

Her little brother at her side,  
Divided between grief and pride ;  
The grief which grows with each ca-  
ress,

The simple pride of usefulness ;  
While she—ah! see what she appears—  
A lovely thing of smiles and tears !

How quickened Mary's step, how  
rushed

The life-blood to her cheek, which  
blushed

Like a hedge-rose beneath the sun,  
As forth upon her path came one  
Who had not seen, who had not heard,  
Her parting smile, her parting word ;  
From whom—so whispered her young  
heart—

'Twould be her keenest pang to part.

Who cannot shadow out the scene ?—  
The memories of what had been,  
The clasping hands, the tearful vows,  
All love's fond catalogue of woes ?

Or who shall marvel, though once more  
They stood beside her father's door,  
She blushing in her happy pride,  
He sworn to claim her as his bride ?

They *could not* part ! And now they  
came  
To tell their tale to sire and dame ;  
The words were few in which 'twas  
told,  
For love had made the suitor bold ;  
While Mary to her mother's breast  
Flew, like the wild-bird to its nest,  
And whispered, with a blushing brow,  
"I need not seek a service now!"

## THE PROPHET-CHILD.

WITHIN the Temple slept the child,  
 The after-prop of Israel's fame,  
 When o'er his slumbers, calm and mild,  
 The summons of Jehovah came.

The call was heard, the child awoke ;  
 With beating heart and bended knee  
 The future judge and prophet spoke,—  
 “ Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth  
 thee !”

Oh, when we hear Jehovah's voice  
 Breaking the slumber of the soul,  
 So may we rise, and so rejoice,  
 So bend our will to His control !

His summons calls us even now ;  
 Oh, may each instant answer be,  
 “ Father, to thy commands I bow,—  
 Speak, for thy servant heareth thee !”

S. C. H.

## THE WORDS OF TREES AND FLOWERS.

BY JOHN BANIM

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees."—*Shakspeare.*

"WHY should not trees be always green,  
And flowers for ever blow?"\*  
That from their changings may be seen  
The change of all below ;  
And day by day, through hours and years,  
They challenge us to learn,—  
Sometimes a soothing for our tears,  
Sometimes a lesson stern.

To him who weeps, of' hope stripped bare,  
His leaf and flow'ret shorn,  
They say, " You are but as we are,  
Yet therefore do not mourn ;

\* This question was proposed to the writer by a lady.

Wild winter will so soon be past,  
And we re-blossoming ;  
Be patient thou, of blight and blast  
And wait another spring."

To him who hath loved, and, in despite  
Of the false one, loveth still,  
Although her change doth nip him  
    quite,  
And bare him, at her will,  
They say, "By trusting balm-like eyes  
And sighs thou art undone;  
As we, by trusting balmy skies,  
And airs, and faithless sun."

To him, who, in ambition's bloom,  
Thinks not, by sudden frost,  
Or arrowy flash, or sultry gloom,  
He may be touched and lost,  
They say, "Of nature's gorgeous things  
We ought to have most pride ;  
And yet, like man's imaginings,  
We're bared, or we have died."

To flowery beauty, in her waste  
Of pride and palmy power,  
Who thinks that time may never feast  
(Sole bridegroom !) in her bower,  
They say, "Like you, for seasons two

We laughed at dull decay,  
Till now the third, our leaves have  
stirred,  
To strew them every way."

To those who sit on high, so vain  
Of a little shining sway,  
By sword, or sceptre, knightly chain,  
Or ermina robe, they say,  
" Not one of you, in all your state,  
Like one of us was clothed ;  
And yet your fate shall be *our* fate—  
Your rottings shunned or loathed."

Unto earth's proud they say aloud,  
" We laugh to think that we  
For mirth or mourning, show or shroud,  
Your servitors should be !  
For beauty's braid, alive or dead,  
For the crowning of your brave ;  
For cradle head, or nuptial bed,  
For garden, and for grave !"

To all mankind, from year to year,  
(Alas, unheard !) they say,  
" Without a thought, without a fear,  
Lo ! we have passed away !  
So pass not thou ! so live not thou !—  
Many *our* lives on earth !—

Thou hast but one—thou liv'st it on,—  
Beware a second birth !

“ Ah ! leaf-like could'st thou be re-born,  
Each spring-time in the sun,  
Again to laugh through May-day's  
morn—

Again a race to run ;  
Then, scarce with thought, and scarce  
with fear,  
Thou might'st grow wintry old ;  
And die through winter's reign so  
drear,  
Or brave his barbs of cold.

“ But, ah ! since here thou diest, to have  
Eternal life elsewhere,  
Live not like us, who scorn a grave,  
Or must be clothed, when bare !  
A life on earth, for thee too dear,  
To earthward-loved, and given  
Without a thought, without a fear,  
Will not ensure thee heaven ! ”

## COME AND GONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW  
RHYMES."

THE silent moon-beams on the drifted  
snow  
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,  
While through the cottage-door the  
yule log's glow  
Casts on the iced oak's trunk, and grey  
rock's brow,  
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and  
fair,  
Like happy groom and bride,  
With azured green, and emerald  
orange glare,  
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,  
Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns  
bright;  
And Hannah, at the door,  
Stands,—through the clear, cold-moon-  
ed, and starless night,—

Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen  
height,  
O'er the white moor.

"Tis Christmas-eve ! and, from the distant town,  
Her pale apprenticed son  
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,  
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown  
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,  
Old Alfred watcheth calm ;  
Till Edwin come, no solemn prayer  
    prays he ;  
Till Edwin come, the text he cannot  
    see,  
    Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not ? Yea ; from the  
wind-swept hill  
The cottage-fire he sees ;  
While of the past Remembrance drinks  
    her fill,  
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the  
    unfrozen rill  
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er  
the moor ;  
In thought, the sheep-boy's call ;  
In thought, he meets his mother at the  
door ;  
In thought, he hears his father, old and  
poor,  
" Thank God for all ! "

His sister he beholds, who died when  
he,  
In London bound, wept o'er  
Her last sad letter : vain her prayer to  
see  
Poor Edwin yet again !—he ne'er will be  
Her playmate more.

No more with her will hear the bittern  
boom  
At evening's dewy close ;  
No more with her will wander where  
the broom  
Contends in beauty with the hawthorn  
bloom,  
And budding rose.

Oh, love is strength ! love, with divine  
control,  
Recalls us when we roam !

In living light love bids the dimmed  
    eye roll,  
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting  
    soul,  
    And bears it home.

Home!—That sweet word hath turned  
    his pale lip red,  
    Relumed his fireless eye;  
Again the morning o'er his cheek is  
    spread,  
The early rose that seemed for ever  
    dead,  
    Returns to die.

Home! home! Behold the cottage of  
    the moor,  
    That hears the sheep-boy's call!  
And Hannah meets him at the open  
    door  
With faint, fond scream; and Alfred,  
    old and poor,  
    “Thanks God for all!”

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast  
    She clasps him, heart to heart;  
His hands between his father's hands  
    are pressed;

They sob with joy, caressing and  
caressed :  
How soon to part !

Why should they know that thou so  
soon, O Death,  
Wilt pluck him, like a weed ?  
Why fear consumption in his quick-  
drawn breath ?  
Why dread the hectic flower, which  
blossometh  
That worms may feed ?

They talk of other days, when, like the  
birds  
He culled the wild flowers' bloom,  
And roamed the moorland, with the  
houseless herds ;  
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and  
her last words ;  
“ Is Edwin come ? ”

He wept. But still, almost till morn-  
ing beamed,  
They talked of Jane—then slept :  
But, though he slept, his eyes half  
open, gleamed ;

For still of dying Jane her brother  
dreamed,  
And dreaming wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and  
sought  
The churchyard where she lies;  
He found her name beneath the snow-  
wreath wrought,  
Then from her grave a knot of grass  
he brought  
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feel-  
ings deep  
In the heart's depth awake:  
To his sad mother—pausing oft' to  
weep—  
He gave a token, which he bade her  
keep  
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,  
Together twined and tied.  
He left them, then, for ever! Could  
they less  
Than bless and love that type of ten-  
derness?—  
Childless they died?

Long in their hearts a cherished  
thought they wore,  
And till their latest breath,  
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift  
o'er and o'er;  
But they beheld their Edwin's face no  
more  
In life or death!

For where the upheav'd sea of trouble  
foams,  
And sorrow's billows rave,  
Men, in the wilderness of myriad  
homes,  
Far from the desert, where the wild  
flock roams,  
Dug Edwin's grave.

## A WINTER SUNSET.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I LOVE a winter's sunset. Look, e'en  
now!

As the bright bird of heaven his wing  
extends

E'en to its utmost limit. 'Tis to fold  
In one fond, last embrace, the earth,  
which smiles

And catches from each golden plume,  
a tinge

Of heavenly beauty. Look! the western  
sky

Was never in the gorgeous summer  
time

More bright with radiant hues, and  
never slept

More sweetly on its breast that moun-  
tain range.

Ay! 'tis glorious all.  
And yet how faint! how dark! com-  
pared with Him

Who thus doth condescend to shadow  
forth

Of Deity the tokens.

## LINES.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

THOU bidst me dry my tearful eyes ;  
 But hast thou ever shed those tears,  
 In each of which such sorrow lies  
 As might compress the wo of years ?

Oh ! hast thou felt what 'tis to sigh  
 And weep o'er bliss for ever fled ?  
 To long, and yet to fear, to die,  
 When every hope is crush'd and dead ?

No ! hadst thou ever felt that wo,  
 That aching void, that agony  
 Which causes these wild tears to flow,  
 And makes me heave this throbbing sigh,

Thou wouldest not bid me dry the tear.  
 For thou wouldest know it was in vain ;  
 Alas ! alas ! as vain it were,  
 As bid me cherish hope again !

## CREATION AND REDEMPTION

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Let there be light, and there was light."

"LET there be light!"—were the words  
of creation,  
That broke on the chaos and silence  
of night;  
The creatures of mercy invoked to  
their station,  
Suffused into being, and kindled to  
light.

"Let there be light!"—The Great  
Spirit descended,  
And flashed on the waves that in  
darkness had slept,  
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,  
The dews on the earth their mild  
radiance wept.

"Let there be light!"—And the fruits  
and the flowers,  
Responded in smiles to the new  
lighted sky,

There was scent in the gale, there  
was bloom in the bowers,  
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft  
hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—And the mild  
eye of woman  
Beam'd joy on the man who this pa-  
radise sway'd:  
There was joy—till the foe of all hap-  
piness human,  
Crept into those bowers—was heard  
—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—Were the  
words of salvation,  
When man had defeated life's ob-  
ject and end;  
Had waned from his glorious and glad  
elevation,  
Abandoned a God, and conform'd to  
a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same  
Spirit supernal,  
That lighted the torch when crea-  
tion began,

Laid aside the bright beams of his God-head eternal,  
And wrought as a servant, and wept  
as a man.

“Let there be light!”—From Gethsemane springing,  
From Golgotha’s darkness, from Calvary’s tomb,  
Joy, joy unto mortals, good angels are singing,  
The Shiloh has triumph’d, and death is o’ercome.

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## LORD SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE.

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

“In the reign of the second Grand-duke of Tuscany of Lorenza’s family, (Cosmo I.) Florence, it is said, beheld a novel and extraordinary spectacle. A young traveller from a court and a country which the Italians of that day seemed to regard much as we now do the Esquimaux, combining the learning of the scholar, and the amiable bearing of the courtier, with all the rash bravery of youthful romance, astonished the inhabitants of that queenly city, first by rivalling her polished nobles in the splendour of his taste, and the gallantry of his man-

ners, and next by boldly proclaiming that his "Ladye love" was superior to all that Italy could vaunt of beauty; that she was '*Oltre le belle bella*,' fair beyond the fairest; and maintaining his boast in a solemn tourney, held in her honour, to the overthrow of all his opponents. This was our English Surrey, one of the earliest and most elegant of our amatory poets, and the lover of the Fair Geraldine. According to the old tradition repeated by all Surrey's biographers, he visited on his travels the famous necromancer Cornelius Agrippa, who, in a magic mirror, revealed to him the fair figure of his Geraldine, lying dishevelled on a couch, and by the light of a taper, reading one of his tenderest sonnets."—*Lovcs of the Poets*.

"TWAS thus in the good days of old,  
When hearts burn'd with chivalry's  
blaze,  
Our own gallant Surrey beheld  
Young Geraldine weep o'er his lays :  
"Twas thus, by the dark wizard's spell,  
He saw her reposing at eve,  
The song he had taught her so well,  
Still making her young bosom heave ;  
Still waking as tender a sigh,  
As though her loved poet were  
near,  
Still causing as tearful an eye,  
As though Surrey could kiss off each  
tear !

Oh! would that *our* sages had power  
To call up such visions of bliss,—  
To show us, in hall or in bower,  
*Our* ladies, through mirrors like this,  
If, instead of their new *figure* Looms  
For totting-up sixes and sevens,  
For our Warburtons, Althorpes, and  
Humes,  
They make a few portable heavens  
Like these, for poor youths, who, with  
me,  
Love to gaze on their mistress's  
brow,—  
What a fool Mr. Babbage would be  
To such glass manufacturers now?

Though could we again hope to raise  
From his grave the famed wizard to  
life,  
For a few of the bards of our days  
Just to peep at a love—or a wife;  
Instead of beholding her lie  
In this love stricken pose, on her  
bed,  
Warm tears streaming down from her  
eye,  
And the chaste silver moon o'er her  
head,

Sobbing over a sonnet or lay,—  
Ten to one but the maid met his  
sight  
Spinning round in a teetotum way,  
With some light-footed waltzer by  
night!

And oh! by the stars, it were fun!  
If a few little girls that one knows,  
Who each looks demure as a nun,  
Could be seen through *this* glass by  
her beaux:  
Alas! how the lovers would rave,  
Alas! how the maidens would  
swoon—  
And how many a Romeo's grave,  
Chalk Farm! wouldst thou see by  
thy moon!  
How seldom would bachelors wife,  
How plenty old maids would appear  
Could dear old Agrippa contrive  
To pass a few weeks with us here!

ST. MAWGAN CHURCH AND  
LANHERN NUNNERY,  
CORNWALL.

BY L. E. L.

The old mansion of Lanhern belonged to the Lords Arundell of Wardour. It was given in 1794, by Henry eighth Lord Arundell, as an asylum for a convent of English Theresian nuns, who had migrated from Antwerp in consequence of the invasion of the French. The sisterhood, or rather their successors, still continue secluded in the old and lonely house now called the Lanhern nunnery.

IT stands amid the sheltering boughs,  
 A place of peace, a place of rest,  
 Where the veiled virgin's hourly vows,  
 By prayer and penitence are blest.  
 The sunshine rests upon the walls,  
 More golden than the common day,  
 And there a stiller shadow falls,  
 Than rests on life's tumultuous way.

Alas ! why should this quiet place  
 Bring fancies of unrest to me ?  
 Why looks forth that beloved face,  
 I seem in every place to see ?

Ah, what may rot those walls conceal !

The sunshine of that saintly shrine,  
Might from its inmost depths reveal  
Some spirit passionate as mine ;

Some one condemned in youth to part  
From all that made her youth so dear,

To listen to her beating heart  
In shame—in solitude and fear ;

To know no hope before the grave ;  
To fear there is no hope beyond ;

Yet scarcely dare of heaven to crave  
Forgiveness for a faith too fond :

To feel the white and vestal veil  
Grow wet and warm with worldly tears ;

To pass the midnight watching pale,  
Yet tremble when the day appears ;  
Prostrate before the cross to kneel,  
With eyes that may not look above .  
How dare the dedicate to feel  
The agony of earthly love ?

Oh ! misery, for the young heart doomed

To waste and weep its youth away,

To be within itself entombed  
And desperate with the long decay  
Yes, misery ! but there may be  
A yet more desperate despair ;  
There is a love whose misery  
Mocks all those cells may soothe and  
share.

There the pale nun at least can keep  
One treasured and unbroken dream ;  
The love for which she wakes to  
weep,  
Seems ever what it once could  
seem.  
She knows not time's uncharming  
touch,  
Destroying every early hue ;  
The false ! she dreameth not of such ;  
Her love is still the deep, the true.

Not so the love of common life,  
"Tis coloured by the common air ;  
Its atmosphere with death is rife,  
A moral pestilence is there.  
Fevered—exacting—false and vain,  
Like a disease it lingers on,  
Though all that blest its first sweet  
reign,  
Its morning dew and light, are gone.

Such is the actual life of love,  
Such is the love that I have known;  
Unworthy of the heaven above,  
Dust like the earth where it has  
grown.

Ah ! better far alone to dwell,  
Dreaming about the dearest past ;  
And keeping, in the silent cell,  
Life's best illusions to the last.

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## ETTY'S ROVER.

BY L. E. L.

THOU lovely and thou happy child,  
Ah, how I envy thee !  
I should be glad to change our state,  
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy  
To watch a thing so fair,  
To think that in our weary life  
Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,  
And of a fairy realm,  
Without a foe to overthrow,  
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will,  
And in each fresh delight,  
And in thy unused heart, which makes  
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,  
Thy future with no fear ;  
The present circles thee around,  
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness  
That will content a child ;  
A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,  
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart  
With pleasure and with pride ;  
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,  
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours  
Those joyous creatures know ;  
How much of sorrow and restraint  
They to their elders owe !

How much they suffer from our faults  
How much from our mistakes !  
How often too mistaken zeal  
An infant's misery makes !

We overrule, and overteach  
We curb and we confine ;  
And put the heart to school too soon,  
To learn our narrow line.

No ; only taught by love to love,  
Seems childhood's natural task ;  
Affection, gentleness, and hope,  
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,  
With careless heart and eye ;  
Enjoy those few bright hours which  
now,  
E'en now, are hurrying by.

And let the gazer on thy face  
Grow glad with watching thee,  
And better, kinder,—such, at least,  
Its influence on me.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD  
SINGERS.

OH, weary, weary are our feet,  
 And weary, weary is our way ;  
 Through many a long and crowded  
 street,  
 We've wandered mournfully to-day,  
 My little sister, she is pale,  
 She is too tender and too young  
 To bear the autumn's sullen gale,  
 And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,  
 Who loved her for her eyes of blue ;  
 And she is delicate and mild,  
 She cannot do what I can do.  
 She never met her father's eyes,  
 Although they were so like her  
 own ;  
 In some far distant sea he lies  
 A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisped his name  
 A little playful thing was she ;  
 How proud we were,—yet that night  
 came,  
 The tale how he had sunk at sea.

My mother never raised her head ;  
How strange, how white, how cold  
she grew !

It was a broken heart, they said—  
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home, we have no friends ;  
They said our home no more was  
ours ;  
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,  
The garden we had filled with  
flowers ;

The sounding shells our father  
brought,  
That we might hear the sea at nome ;  
Our bees, that in the summer wrought  
The winter's golden honey-comb.

We wandered forth mid wind and  
rain,  
No shelter from the open sky ;  
I only wish to see again  
My mother's grave, and rest, and  
die.

Alas ! it is a weary thing,  
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er ;  
The songs we used at home to sing—  
Alas, we have a home no more !

CALDRON SNOUT, WESTMORE  
LAND.

A PLACE of rugged rocks, adown whose  
sides  
The mountain torrent rushes, on  
whose crags  
The raven builds her nest, and tells  
her young  
Of former funeral feasts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years have past since last I stood  
Alone amid this mountain scene ;  
Unlike the future which I dreamed,  
How like my future it has been !  
A cold grey sky o'erhung with clouds,  
With showers in every passing  
shade ;  
How like the moral atmosphere,  
Whose gloom my horoscope has  
made !

I thought if yet my weary feet  
Could rove my native hills again ;  
A world of feeling would revive,  
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain

My early hopes, my early joys,  
I dreamed those valleys would re-  
store ;  
I asked for childhood to return,  
For childhood which returns no  
more.

Surely the scene itself is changed !  
There did not always rest, as now,  
That shadow in the valley's depth,  
That gloom upon the mountain  
brow.  
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt,  
Like treasures in some fairy hold ;  
And morning o'er the mountains shed,  
Her kindling world of vapory gold.

Another season of the year  
Is now upon the earth and me ;  
Another spring will light these hills,  
No other spring mine own may be ;  
I must retune my unstrung heart,  
I must awake the sleeping tomb,  
I must recall the loved and lost,  
Ere spring again for me could bloom

## MARDALE HEAD.\*

Why should I seek those scenes again, the past  
Is on yon valley like a shroud ?

WEEP for the love that fate forbids,  
    Yet love's unhoping on,  
Though every light that once il-  
lumined  
    Its early path be gone.

Weep for the love that must resign  
    The heart's enchanted dream ;  
And float, like some neglected bark,  
    Adown life's lonely stream.

Weep for the love these scenes recal.,  
    Like some enduring spell ;  
It rests within the soul that loves  
    Too vainly and too well.

\* Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Housewater is Mardalehead, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity.

Weep for the breaking heart condemned  
To see its youth pass by ;  
Whose lot has been, in this cold world,  
To dream, despair, and die.

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## IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

BY L. E. L.

OH, recall not the past, though this valley be filled  
With all we remember, and all we regret ;  
The flowers of its summer have long been distilled,  
The essence has perished : ah ! let us forget.  
What avails it to mourn over hours that are gone,  
O'er illusions by youth, and by fantasy nurst  
Alas ! of the few that are lingering, none  
Wear the light or the hues that encircled the first.

Alas for the spring time ! alas for our  
youth !

The grave has no slumber more  
cold than the heart,  
When, languid and darkened, it sinks  
into truth,

And sees the sweet colours of morn-  
ing depart.

Life still has its falsehoods to lure and  
to leave,

But they cannot delude like the  
earlier light ;  
We know that the twilight encircles  
the eve,  
And sunset is only the rainbow of  
night.

## THE ENGLISH BOY

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Go call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt  
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear  
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire  
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were  
 born."

*Akenside.*

Look from the ancient mountains  
 down,  
 My noble English boy !  
 Thy country's fields around thee  
 gleam,  
 In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march  
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;  
 For well the land hath fealty held  
 To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !  
 And let thy kindling mind  
 Drink in the spirit of high thought,  
 From every chainless wind.

There in the shadow of old Time  
 The halls beneath thee lie,  
 Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore  
 Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly  
 They stand midst yoke and yew !  
 Whence Cressy's yeomen haply  
 framed  
 The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords  
 hang,  
 Whose faith knew no alloy ;  
 And shields of knighthood pure from  
 stain  
 Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church  
 Gleams by the antique elm ;  
 Or where the minster lifts the cross  
 High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free  
 heart's blood,  
 That England's prayer might rise,  
 From those grey fanes of thoughtful  
 years,  
 Unfetter'd to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their  
trees,  
This earth's most glorious dust,  
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,  
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther yet,  
My gallant English boy!  
Yon blue seas bears thy country's  
flag,  
The billow's pride and joy.

Those waves in many a fight have  
closed  
Above her faithful dead;  
That red cross flag victoriously  
Has floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to  
keep  
By hostile tread unstained;  
These knightly halls inviolate,  
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memories'  
light  
Along our shore is set;  
And many an answering beacon fire  
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !  
And pray like *them* to stand ;  
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard  
The altars of the land.

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### NATHAN'S KIEVE.

The name of a beautiful waterfall, situated in a retired valley running up from the sea, between Boscastle and Tintadgel, on the northern coast of Cornwall. The spot is so sequestered, and the fall so concealed by overhanging rocks, that a stranger, following the course of the stream up the glen, and coming upon it unexpectedly, might, "with small help from fancy," imagine himself the first discoverer of a scene so solitary.

A STREAM, a lovely stream, eternally  
Pouring wild music down the rocky  
dell ;  
A breeze, a playful breeze, that lingers  
nigh,  
As loth to bid its ocean home fare-  
well ;  
Such voices breathed for aye in na-  
ture's ear,  
Like spirit's airy whispers, greet us  
here.

But far within the depths of yonder nook,  
Tangled with copse and matted o'er with fern,  
Lo! the glad waters of the sylvan brook  
Rush down the cliff, as from a naiad's urn :  
Sure 'tis some vision raised by wizard's call,  
The silvery crest of that lone water-fall.

Here, here to sit, and cherish many a dream  
Of ours that people memory's storied cell ;  
The ceaseless dash of Nathan's head-long stream  
The only voice to break each witching spell,  
That gathers o'er the soul in such a scene,  
Musings of what may be, and what has been.

Lovely, most lovely—human tread profane  
May scarce amid these unknown shades intrude,

And nature spreads around her rude  
domain,  
A veil of deep and holy solitude ;  
Wild haunt of golden visions, such as  
fling  
O'er fancy's realm their own bright  
colouring.

Yes—there are thousand forms of  
earth and sky  
Hovering around, that oft at eventide,  
That heavenly hour, when all is poesy,  
Along their lov'd untrodden valley  
glide ;  
On high they wave their joyous  
plumes, and weave  
The mystic dance above yon foaming  
Kieve.

Nor unremembered be the poet's  
theme,  
The beauty of that legendary tale  
Of those, whose lives roll'd onwards  
as a dream,  
Those ancient two, the sisters of the  
dale ;  
Driven from their native hearth afar to  
roam  
Within those mouldering walls they  
found a home.

A home, but not of peace, the vigil lone,

The prayer of agony, the fast severe,  
For deeds of former years would fain atone—

Mysterious deeds which none did ever hear;

Time passed—at length that fearful penance closed,

The awful sisters in the grave reposed.\*

\* Immediately above the fall are the remains of a small hut, which, as the legend runs, was tenanted some centuries since by two females, who came none could tell from whence, and spent the remainder of their lives in this lonely spot. There was a mysterious dignity about them; their very names were unknown; and their story is still related by the peasants of the country with feelings of reverential awe.

## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my little boy,  
No child have I on earth but thee ;  
Last night thou wert a father's joy,  
But now, alas ! oh, where is he ?

Methinks I see his manly form  
Toss'd by each rude and boisterous  
wave,  
Till, underneath the raging storm,  
He found the ocean's deepest grave.

And there unseen to mortal eye,  
He takes his rest—sweet may it be !  
While here a widow I must sigh,  
And gaze with joyless heart on thee.

But there is One in heaven above,  
The widow's husband and her joy,  
Who, with his everlasting love,  
Shall be thy father, O my boy !

## LINES TO AN OLD OAK TREE.

BY JOHN JONES, ESQ.

How oft in childhood's happy hour  
 I've rested in thy shade,  
 More blest than in the brightest bow'r  
 That fancy ever made.

How oft I've watch'd the redd'ning  
 sun  
 Sink burning in the west,  
 And mark'd the birds as, one by one,  
 They sought thy boughs for rest.

I knew not then of worldly care,  
 Or knew it but by name ;  
 I ask'd not with the great to share  
 Their riches or their fame.

But happy and content with thee,  
 My faithful dog, to roam,  
 I never thought my joys would flee,  
 Or I should leave my home.

But, ah ! how chang'd is all to me,  
 My faithful dog is dead ;

Companion of my youth, for thee  
A kindly tear I shed.

Thou too hast felt, my old oak tree,  
Time's fell destroying hand,  
Blighted, withered, scathed like me  
Thou still dost proudly stand.

And like to thee, I still have left  
A leaf or two yet green ;  
Too soon of all we'll be bereft,  
Pluck'd by a hand unseen.

But still the ivy clings to thee,  
And round thy rugged breast,  
Entwines itself in constancy,  
Despite of nature's waste.

While I alone the storm must brave,  
And curl the lip at fate,  
And sink with peasant to the grave,  
The cold earth-worm my mate.

My birth-place too, my childhood's home !  
To strangers it is gone,  
And careless feet now reckless roam  
Along the verdant lawn.

By stranger's feet its halls are trod ;  
They reck not of the past,  
But on each rev'rend household god  
Cold looks they careless cast.

No sweet associations rise  
For them at mem'ry's call ;  
No early dear domestic ties,  
Those scenes can e'er recall.

But dully floating down the stream  
That bears us all away,  
They seldom think of childhood's  
dream  
When life is in decay.

Perchance there are among them too,  
Some, thoughtless, young, and gay,  
As I was, twenty years ago,  
When there I us'd to play.

Oh ! may they never know the care  
With which I am opprest ;  
But brightly may their lives still wear  
Until they sink to rest.

## THE DYING.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Oh, mother, make my bed for me,  
 I'll ask it not again ;  
 Why are thy eyes so dim with tears ?  
 I would not give thee pain

Father, dear father, ere I die,  
 Draw near my couch of death,  
 And seal thy blessing, ere I yield  
 My last expiring breath.

Sister, stretch out thy trembling hand,  
 I feel I'm dying now ;  
 Wipe off those tear-drops from thy  
 eyes,  
 And smooth my burning brow.

Brother, breathe out thy last farewell,  
 And give thy parting kiss,  
 Ere my freed spirit takes its flight  
 To yon bright world of bliss.

Friends of my gay and joyous hours,  
 I've loved you deep and long,

Breathe out for me one parting prayer,  
And sing one parting song.

Farewell! but when I'm laid to rest,  
Breathe not for me a sigh;  
Death comes! it was a grief to live,  
An endless bliss to die.

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### ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,  
And feel that all the charm is gone,  
Which voices dear and eyes beloved  
Shed round us once where'er we  
roved;  
This, this the doom must be  
Of all who've loved, and lived to see  
The few bright things they thought  
would stay  
For ever near them die away.

Though fairer forms around us throng  
Their smiles to others all belong

And what that light which dwells  
    alone  
Round those the fond heart calls its  
    own.

Where, where the sunny brow !  
The long known voice—where are  
    they now !

Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,—  
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,  
If all her art cannot call forth  
One bliss like those we felt of old,  
From lips now mute and eyes now  
    cold !

No, no—her spell is vain,—  
As soon could she bring back again  
Those eyes themselves from out the  
    grave,  
As wake again one bliss they gave.

## DIRGE AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sleep!—we give thee to the wave,  
Red with life-blood from the brave;  
Thou shalt find a noble grave,  
Fare thee well!

Sleep! the billowy field is won,  
Proudly may the funeral gun,  
Midst the hush, at set of sun,  
Boom thy knell!

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,  
Never there may flower be shed,  
Marble reared,—or brother's head  
Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,  
Borne through battle high and free,  
Long the red cross flag shall be.  
Sleep! O sleep!

## A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

STILL that last look is solemn—though  
thy rays,  
O sun! to-morrow will give back,  
we know,  
The joy to nature's heart. Yet  
through the glow  
Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our  
gaze  
Tracks thee with love half fearful :  
and in days  
When earth too much adored thee,  
what a swell  
Of mournful passion, deepening mighty  
lays,  
Told how the dying bade thy light  
farewell ;  
O sun of Greece ! O glorious festal  
sun!  
Lost, lost ! for them thy golden hours  
were done,

And darkness lay before them.

Happier far

Are we, not *thus* to thy bright wheels  
enchaîned,

Not thus for thy last parting unsus-  
tained,

Heirs of a purer day, with its un-  
setting star.

---

## THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Lowly upon his bier

The royal conqueror lay ;  
Baron and chief stood near,

Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle

Crowds, mutely gazing, stream'd,  
Altar and tomb the while

Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And by the torch's blaze

The stately priest had said

High words of power and praise  
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound  
Of requiems, to repose ;  
When from the throngs around  
A solemn voice arose :—

“ Father ! forbear ! ” it cried ;  
“ In the holiest Name, forbear !  
He hath conquered regions wide,  
But he shall not slumber *there* !

“ By the violated hearth  
Which made way for yon proud  
shrine :  
By the harvests which this earth  
Hath borne for me and mine :

“ By the house e’en here o’erthrown,  
On my brethren’s native spot ;  
Hence ! with his dark renown  
Cumber our birth-place not !

“ Will my sire’s unransom’d field,  
O’er which your censers wave,  
To the buried spoiler yield  
Soft slumbers in the grave ?

"The tree before him fell,  
 Which we cherished many a year;  
 But its deep root yet shall swell,  
 And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have tilled  
 Hath yet its brooding breast  
 With my home's white ashes filled,  
 And it shall not give him rest!

"Each pillar's massy bed  
 Hath been wet by weeping eyes—  
 Away! bestow your dead  
 Where no wrong against him cries."

—Shame glowed on each dark face  
 Of those proud and steel-girt men,  
 And they bought with gold a place  
 For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him  
 Whose banner flew so far!  
 And a peasant's tale could dim  
 The name, a nation's star!

*One* deep voice thus arose  
 From a heart which wrongs had  
 riven,—  
 Oh! who shall number those  
 That were but heard in heaven?

## THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

BY BULWER.

Buy my flowers—O buy, I pray  
 The blind girl comes from afar ;  
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them  
     say,  
 These flowers her children are !  
 Do they her beauty keep !  
 They are fresh from her lap, I  
     know ;  
 For I caught them fast asleep  
     In her arms an hour ago,  
 With the air which is her breath—  
 Her soft and delicate breath—  
     Over them murmuring low !

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers  
     yet,  
 And their cheeks with tender tears are  
     wet,  
 For she weeps—that gentle mother  
     weeps—  
 (As morn and night her watch she  
     keeps,

With a yearning heart and a passionate care)

To see the young thing grow so fair;

She weeps—for love she weeps,

And the dews are the tears she weeps,

From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,

Where love in the lov'd rejoices;

But the blind girl's home is the house of night,

And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realms below,

I stand by the streams of woe;

I hear the vain shadows glide,

I feel their soft breath at my side,

And I thirst the lov'd forms to see,

And I stretch my fond arms around,

And I catch but shapeless sound,

For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy!—

Hark! how the sweet things sigh,

(For they have a voice like ours,) "The breath of the blind girl closes

The leaves of the saddening roses—We are tender, we sons of light,

We shrink from this child of night;

From the grasp of the blind girl free  
us ;  
We yearn for the eyes that see us—  
We are for night too gay.  
In your eyes we behold the day"—  
O buy—O buy the flowers !

---

## THE CHANGED ONE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SISTER ! since I met thee last,  
O'er thy brow a change hath past  
In the softness of thine eyes  
Deep and still a shadow lies ;  
From thy voice there thrills a tone  
Never to thy childhood known ;  
Through thy soul a storm hath mov'd—  
Gentle sister, thou hast lov'd !

Yes, thy varying cheek hath caught  
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;  
Far along the wandering stream  
Thou art followed by a dream ;  
In the woods and valleys lone  
Music haunts thee not thine own ;

Wherfore fall thy tears like rain?  
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!  
On my bosom pour that shower!  
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;  
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;  
Wring not forth one burning word,  
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!  
Home alone can give thee rest—  
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

---

### THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

SHE was my idol. Night and day to  
scan  
The fine expansion in her form, and  
mark  
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-  
buds, start  
To sudden beauty, was my chief de-  
light.  
To find her fairy footsteps following  
me—  
Her hand upon my garments—or her  
lip

Long sealed to mine—and in the  
watch of night  
The quiet breath of innocence to  
feel  
Soft on my cheek—was such a full  
content  
Of happiness, as none but mothers  
know.  
Her voice was like some tiny harp that  
yields  
To the slight-finger'd breeze—and as it  
held  
Long converse with her doll, or kindly  
soothed  
Her meaning kitten, or with patient  
care  
Conn'd o'er her alphabet—but most of  
all,  
Its tender cadence in her evening  
prayer,  
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal  
tone,  
Heard in sweet dreams.—

But now I sit alone,  
Musing of her—and dew with mourn  
ful tears  
The little robes that once, with wo  
man's pride



## THE DYING SOLDIER.\*

BY MISS PARDOE.

RAISE yet again my sinking head,  
 And tell me of the fight ;  
 I know my heart's best blood is shed,  
 And quenched my manhood's might.  
 Yet, comrade, yet I fain would hear,  
 Ere cold in death I lie,  
 The shout come pealing on my ear  
 Of Britain's victory !

I see, I see a host draw nigh :  
 They're British who advance !  
 And those who fly—in panic fly—  
 They are the troops of France !  
 Oh ! tell me that I do not rave—  
 Whisper those words again—  
 And I shall sink into the grave  
 Without one groan of pain.

I thank thee for the glorious tale :  
 I knew it *must* be so—

\* Written on reading the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna.

or when did British soldiers fail  
 Before a foreign foe ?  
 In glory I lay down my head,  
 'Mid shouts of victory !  
 Not, not in vain my blood was shed—  
 Now, comrade, let me die !

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## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.\*

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land  
 Where fever never burns, nor hearts are riven ?  
 That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,  
 Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven ?

Art thou some seraph-minister of grace  
 Whose glorious mission in the skies has birth ?

\* Written after meeting a Sister of Charity in the Hotel Dieu.

An angel, sure, in bearing, form, and face :

All but thy tears—and they belong to earth !

Oh, ne'er did beauty in her loftiest pride  
A splendour boast that may compare  
with thine ;

Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed  
beside,

Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine.

A woman, filled with all a woman's fears,  
Yet strong to wrestle with despair  
and woe ;

A thing of softest smiles and tenderest tears,  
That once would tremble did a breeze but blow.

Leaving, perchance, some gay and happy home,

Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath,

Throughout the crowded lazар-house to roan,

And pierce the haunts of pestilence and death.

For ever flitting with a noiseless tread,  
As loth to break the pain-worn  
slumberer's rest;  
To smooth the pillow, raise the droop-  
ing head,  
And pour thy balsam on the bleed-  
ing breast.

Or, 'mid each calmer interval of pain,  
The Christian's hope and promis'd  
boon to show;  
And when all human anodynes are  
vain,  
To nerve the bosom for its final  
throes.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing  
scenes like this,  
To that bless'd shore where sin and  
sorrow cease,—  
To imp the flagging soul for realms of  
bliss,  
And bid the world-worn wanderer  
part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God  
and man,  
No narrow aims thy cherished cares  
control;

Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can,  
To heal the body and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need ;  
No matter what the suppliant's claim may be ;  
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed ;  
To know he suffers is enough for thee.

Not even from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold,  
Whose Master bled a sinful world to save :  
Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold,  
'Tis thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave :

To note the anguish of despairing crime,  
Lash the wild scorpions of the soul within ;  
Those writhings fierce, those agonies sublime,  
That seem from conscience half their force to win ;

Then glide before that dark demoniac's sight,

The cup of healing in thy gentle hand,—

A woman strengthened with an angel's might,

The storm of pain and passion to command.

To calm the throbings of his fevered brow ;

Cool his parched lips, his bursting wounds to bind ;—

Then with deep faith before the cross to bow

For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it *is* given : the softliest whispered word

Now falls like oil on that tempestuous sea ;

Hard as his heart may seem, there's still a chord

Once touched, his ravings all are stilled by thee.

see thee stand, and mark that wondrous change

With more than mortal triumph in thine eye ;

'Then blessed and blessing, turn with  
tears to range  
Where other claimants on thy kind-  
ness lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur  
led,  
A willing slave where'er the  
wretched call;  
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,  
Each wish forestalling, bearing balm  
to all.

Performing humblest offices of love  
For such as know no human love  
beside,—  
Still on thy healing way in mercy  
move,  
Daughter of pity, thus for ever  
glide!

Not thine the hollow zeal that loves to  
climb  
When spurious faith her ensign  
rears on high;  
That seeks the heathen of some far off  
clime,  
But leaves the wretched of its own  
to die.

Mercy—"twice blessed," in him who  
gives and takes—  
Is thine, with all its attributes re-  
fined ;  
Thy nobler love no nice distinction  
makes,  
But heals the flesh, and then informs  
the mind.

All peace to thee, and thy devoted  
band,  
Vowed to earth's gloomy "family of  
pain ;"  
Whose worth could even the unwilling  
awe command  
Of blood-stain'd men who owned no  
other chain ;

Long may ye live the cherished badge  
to wear  
Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen,  
To fainting souls your cup of life to  
bear,  
And be the angels ye have ever  
been !

## THE BRIDAL.

SHE stood beside the altar, but I saw  
her cheek was pale,  
When the summer breezes wafted  
back her snow-white bridal veil ;  
And listlessly she gazed upon the  
bright throng gather'd there,  
As though in all that glitt'ring scene  
her heart had little share.

Her youthful form was such an one as  
painters love to trace,  
With raven hair, and deep dark eyes,  
and steps so full of grace ;  
A flow'r just op'ning into bloom, and  
yet a blight was there,  
And on her gentle brow she bore the  
marks of woe and care.

The bridegroom's mein was stern and  
dark, and with an air of pride  
He rais'd the trembling hand of that  
young victim at his side ;

And prouder still the father look'd, as  
near he took his stand,  
And hail'd his lovely daughter there—  
a peeress of the land !

O what a glance she gave him then !  
it was so full of woe,  
There needed not the power of words  
her wretchedness to show ;  
But quickly, with a quiv'ring lip and  
one deep mournful sigh,  
She turn'd away to hide the tears that  
gather'd in her eye.

Full brightly flash'd the costly gems  
amidst her glossy hair,  
And oriental pearls were twin'd  
around her arms so fair ;  
But love will not be bought and sold—  
ye may bring golden chains,  
And hearts ye fain would fetter thus  
still mock at all your pains.

And well do I remember now a frank  
and gallant youth,  
Who pledg'd unto that lovely one a  
vow of endless truth ;  
But their fond dream of tenderness full  
soon has pass'd away,  
And hopes that once seem'd fresh and  
bright have turn'd unto decay.

Heav'n help thee, noble lady ! for full  
bitter it will be  
When he thou lovest shall return, but  
not return for thee ;  
And thou must deck thy face in smiles,  
and strive to seem at peace,  
Albeit the pangs that rend thine heart  
will never, never cease.

O thou hast learn'd that happiness on  
earth is never known,  
But in the azure courts of heav'n it  
flourishes alone ;  
And ere its ever-verdant leaves can  
greet the weary eye,  
We must toil through a wilderness, and  
then lie down to die !

THE END.

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